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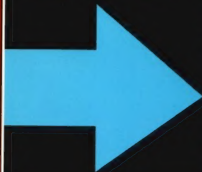
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Church and State: Spiriting prayer into schools (see NATION)



Merger Fallout: BankAmerica employees wait for an explanation of the big deal (see COVER)



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Joel Stein/Boston

The Men Who Broke Mach3

For razor scientists at World Shaving HQ, the face is the final frontier

THREE OF THE CLEANEST-SHAVEN MEN IN THE WORLD ARE beaming. For 27 years the third blade, like Darwin's missing link or Fermat's last theorem, had eluded them. The idea of three blades dancing on the head of a razor was so preposterous that *Saturday Night Live* used it as a commercial parody in 1975. To the engineers at Gillette, that joke was a cruel mockery, a searing reminder of their limitations.

Last Tuesday the shame disappeared. Gillette is unveiling the Mach3, the three-bladed wonder these three engineers had often glimpsed but never captured. Giddy for men of their age and earnestness, they exhibit their high-tech gizmo in a small, unadorned office in a brick, Industrial Age building in South Boston topped with Hollywood-style letters spelling out WORLD SHAVING HEADQUARTERS. John Terry, the elderly, thick-glassed British engineer whose team came up with the design for the successor to the twin-track Sensor, cradles the prototype between his thumb and forefinger as if it were a Honus Wagner. Terry, who has two degrees in metallurgy, talks about his invention as if it were the fax machine.

"We do the far-out stuff," he boasts of his engineers in England. "I have made things that do horrible things to my face." He calls the Mach3—the first razor with racing stripes—his proudest achievement. It's not just the third blade, he explains. It's that they staggered the blades so each is progressively closer to the skin, dipped the ultra-thin blades in the same carbon that computer chips go into to make them stronger, and—here's the really big deal—made the blade pivot from the bottom, not the middle, forcing shavers to use it like a paintbrush. They also applied for 35 patents.

Security inside World Shaving Headquarters rivals the Pentagon's. The Mach3 is manufactured inside the Plywood Ranch, a section of the factory floor that is actually barricaded by steel. In the only major breach Steven Davis, an engineer at Wright Industries, a subcontractor that built one of the machines that manufacture the razor handles, was nabbed by the FBI and the U.S. Attorney's office and pleaded guilty to trying to sell a sketch of the Mach3. On Friday he was sentenced to two years and three months in federal prison.

More than 500 of America's best engineers, with degrees from such places as M.I.T. and Stanford, built this razor while their friends worked on the Mars Pathfinder. "In recruit-

ing engineers," says Terry, "I say nowhere else makes thousands of miles of the sharpest thing known to man and has to worry about interaction with biological tissue. You don't have to worry about persuading them after that." Dan Lazarchik got a degree in mechanical engineering from M.I.T. and a master's in technical engineering from Boston University. "At first friends say, 'What's it to?' But it's amazing—more people want to talk to me about my job than to the people who have the sexier jobs at Intel. Everyone has something to say about shaving."

More than 300 volunteers take part in the shave-in-plant program. These men come to work, remove their shirts, enter one of 20 booths, receive shaving gear from a lab-coated technician, shave the left side of their face with one unmarked razor, the right half with another, and input their preferences into a computer. They risk profuse bleeding, they are not paid, and there is a sizable waiting list. This proves one of three things: either, as Gillette claims, its employees are very proud, or men are excited by all new technology, or people would rather shave at work. The manager of the program has a full beard.

These shavers are not testing the Mach3. They are testing the next razor, probably due out in eight to 10 years. The designers are done conceptualizing that one, guided by their motto, "If there's a better way to shave—and we believe there

is—we will find it." When delivered by Mike Cowhig, a 30-year Gillette employee and senior vice president of manufacturing and technical operations, it sounds less like a threat to the competition than like something from Captain Kirk's log.

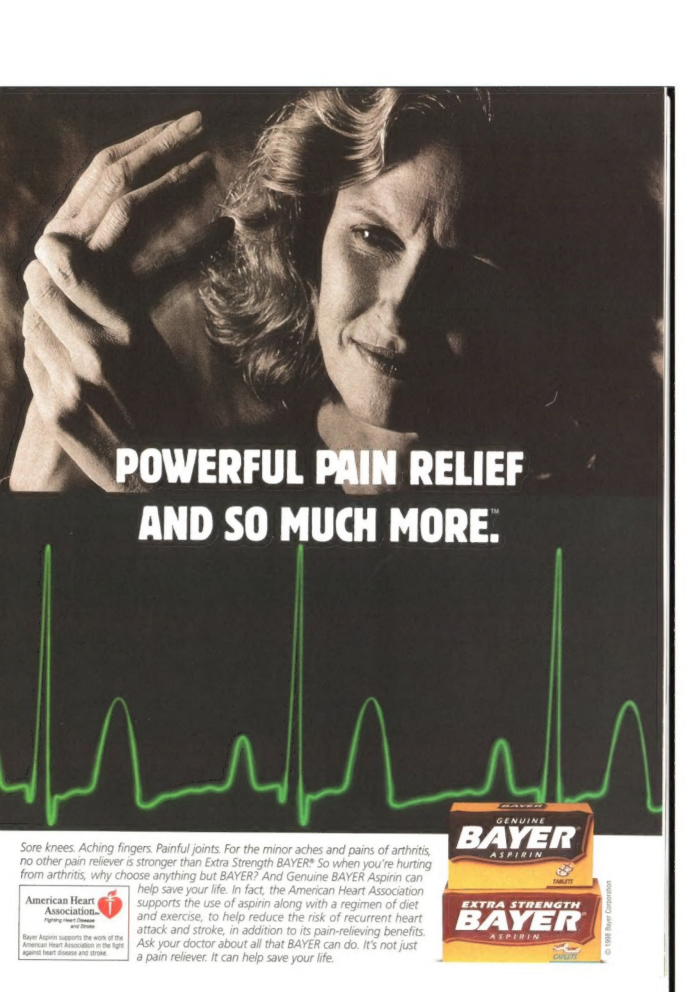
The Mach3 will arrive in stores in July, priced at \$6.29 to \$6.79 for four cartridges, or 35% more than Gillette's Sensor Excel. It will be promoted by a \$300 million marketing budget that will include an ad involving a jet producing three sonic booms before morphing into a razor wielded by a guy who looks as if he grows as much facial hair as Matt Damon.

The next concern, Cowhig explains, is to make a Mach3 for women, many of whom are still using disposables. "Women aren't as evolved as shavers," he explains. Women's razors, Cowhig says, need even more research than men's, because they're used in the shower and in various ways, including in "some places they can't see in a mirror." Here his beam becomes a blush. It's hard to hide how you feel when you're one of the best-shaven men on the planet. ■



More than 300 volunteers are in the shave-in-plant program

“We do the far-out stuff.” —JOHN TERRY, HEAD OF GILLETTE'S BRITISH R-AND-D TEAM



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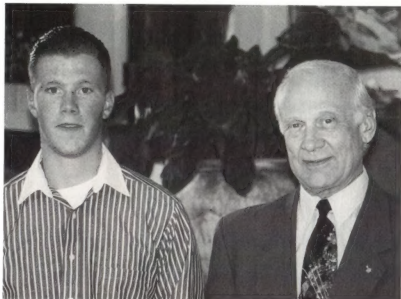
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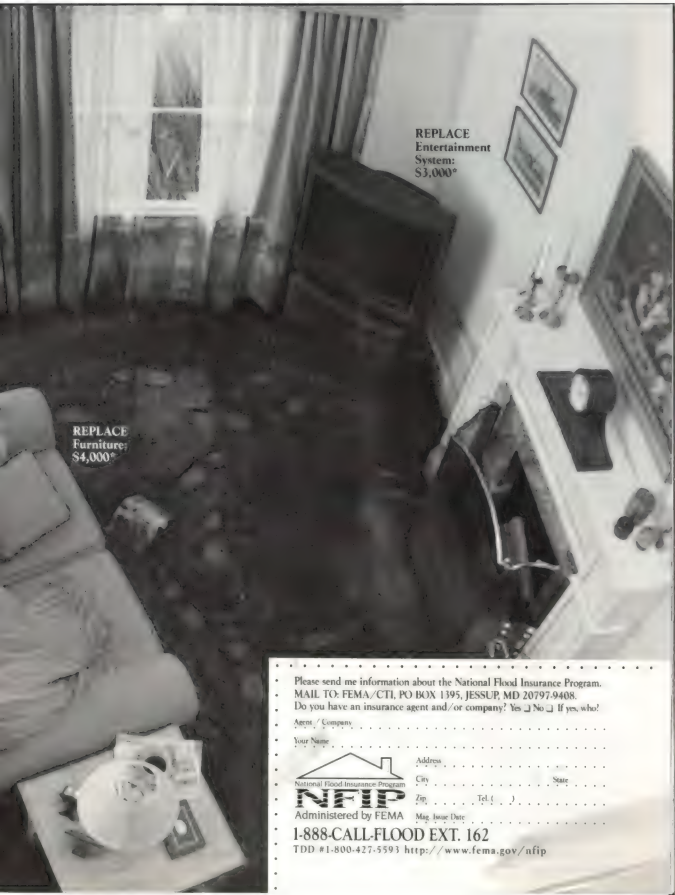
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L E T T E R S



Armed and Dangerous

“Instead of debating if we should change the laws to prosecute children for adult actions, maybe we should be prosecuting the parents.”

*Steve Paskay
Los Angeles*

RARELY HAS IT BEEN SO CLEARLY SHOWN that the perpetrators of an assault were also its victims [THE JONESBORO SHOOTINGS, April 6]. The attack on schoolmates by two Arkansas youngsters ended the lives of a teacher and six children (the four who were killed and the two who shot them). Whatever factors led Mitchell Johnson, 13, and Andrew Golden, 11, to fire on their fellow students should be sought out and eliminated. The death penalty is not the issue in this case. How do you deter an anomaly?

*Julius Zimmerman
Richmond Heights, Ohio*

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF CHERUBIC ANDREW Golden with a rifle is the most disturbing TIME cover I've ever seen.

*Henry Archibald Corriher Jr.
Atlanta*

AS AN EDUCATOR, I TAKE THE DEATH OF teacher Shannon Wright personally. Last year a former colleague died of a heart attack while attempting to break up a fight at his school. A teacher in the same county was murdered a few years earlier by an emotionally disturbed student. The deaths of these teachers are tragic, senseless and unexplainable. And every time I give a student an F, I wonder if this student will be the demented one who will blow me away.

*Tara Eisenhower Ebersole
Baltimore, Md.*

YOU USED WAY TOO BROAD A BRUSH TO paint an image of people who hunt and own guns as murderous. My husband and children are hunters. We live in a rural Texas community where, like thousands of other places across the nation, owning firearms is not unusual. We've managed to rear generations of well-adjusted children who have taken their places as respected members of our communities, unlike the amoral animals who perpetrated the Arkansas tragedy.

*Beth Leuchter
Stephenville, Texas*

WE ACCEPT THE PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL brutalization of children as a matter of course. Children kill because their spirits have been killed.

*Lynn Weiss
Bastrop, Texas*

I AM STUNNED THAT EXPERTS CONTINUE to blame television and the media for playground massacres that involve youths and guns. Is the National Rifle Association so powerful in the U.S. that people are scared to admit that archaic gun laws are causing young children to be killed? Or is the government too concerned about losing votes because of America's obsession with weapons? America must know that as long as guns are easily available, killings will continue.

*Jonathan Green
Auckland, New Zealand*

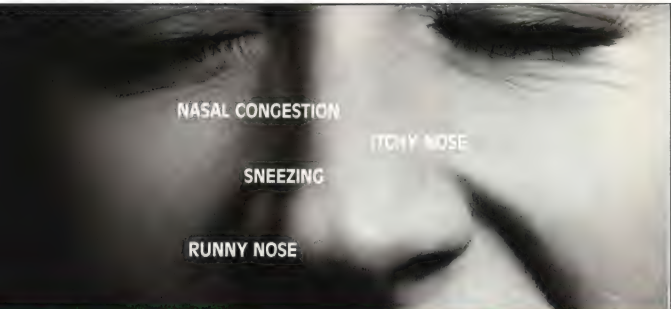
THE N.R.A. IS NOT TO BLAME FOR THE ABERRATION of Jonesboro. Gun ownership in America preceded the N.R.A. In the community where this tragedy happened, hunting has been a part of life for centuries. The N.R.A.'s courses on gun safety, insistence on the presence of adults whenever youngsters are handling firearms and political activities to preserve responsibly a historical right are worthwhile undertakings.

*James J. Jentes, N.R.A. member
Passaic, N.J.*

I FOUND THE PHOTO OF YOUNG GOLDEN as repellent as the videotapes of young Jon-Benet Ramsey strutting around and made up to look like a seductive adult. With both children, the outcome was tragic. When will we allow our children to be children?

*Kathleen D. Zawacki
Yardley, Pa.*

WE MAY NEVER KNOW WHY THESE YOUNG boys shot their classmates, but to suggest that video games had a role is irresponsible. No studies have ever shown a direct connection between violent




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The Slavery Issue

CLINTON SHOULD NOT APOLOGIZE FOR the existence of slavery [WORLD, April 6] because he cannot possibly be held responsible for that terrible page in history. What he should apologize for is that racism and inequality between blacks and whites still exist in America, something he is responsible for and his Administration has not been able to end.

Bernard Andrioli
The Hague

IT IS IRONIC THAT AFRICAN AMERICANS who come to Africa seeking their roots thank their lucky stars that their ancestors were traded as slaves. If their forebears had remained, those same African Americans would probably be residing in a shack or, worse, eking out a subsistence living. Better to ask the ancestors who engaged in the slave trade to apologize for their evil acts.

Kevin Smith
Northcliff, South Africa

Coping with a Toxic Soup

OBSVIOUSLY THE WAY TO DEAL WITH the problem of the giant pool of contaminated water in Butte, Mont. [AMERICAN SCENE, March 30], is for Congress to declare this "giant cup of poison" one of the Great Lakes. Notwithstanding geographic inability and congressional insanity, it's still a pretty big lake. And since the pool is the "biggest tourist draw in southwest Montana," there's some loot involved too.

Stanley T. Dobry
Warren, Mich.

I TAKE EXCEPTION TO THE STATEMENT that Butte's destiny will be decided by outside forces. That ignores the creativity and tenacity of the citizens of this unique community. Once a "one-industry, one-company town," Butte now has an economy that is balanced, a feat achieved by the residents. These same people have turned the largest environmental disaster of post-Industrial Revolution America into a model for local involvement in environmental cleanup.

Evan Barrett, Executive Director
Butte Local Development Corporation
Butte, Mont.

Too Little, Too Late

RE YOUR ARTICLE "A REPENTANCE, SORT OF," on the Vatican's statement on the Holocaust [RELIGION, March 30]: no one knows better than the present Pope that Pope Pius XII failed to act positively during that period. This is just one of many

known papal failures through the ages. If the Vatican had gone public with this sort of "apologetic" statement in the 1950s, there would have been worldwide condemnation of the church. To come out with this document 55 years after the event is smart. Not many living persons can rebut it.

Giovanni B. Piazza
Griffith, Australia

Not a Dull Lift-Off

THE OVERALL EFFECT OF THE TV MINI-series *From the Earth to the Moon* was anything but boring, as your critic found it [TELEVISION, April 6]. Maybe some people think you need to dress up history to make it exciting, show some violence, pepper dialogue with swear words, add a little sex, see people actually dying, add a little or a lot of blood. But I am sick of being shocked to death and having my senses assaulted by violence and swear words. To producer-director Tom Hanks I say, thank you for giving us quality programming. Worthy? Yes. Well crafted? Absolutely. Dull? Not!

Jennifer Holsen
Sioux Falls, S.D.

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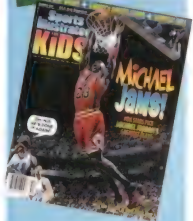
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Embryos in Storage

YOUR STORY ON THE DIVORCE CASE IN which a couple is disputing who has custody of five frozen embryos [LAW, April 6] pointed to the urgent need for legislation to handle such cases. I have sponsored a bill in New York State requiring all couples participating in in-vitro fertilization programs to provide explicit written directives for the disposition of their frozen embryos prior to storage. Couples should be required to complete a standardized, legally binding form that would resolve any uncertainties and provide clear and complete information about the dispositional choices for their embryos. I urge all states to enact such legislation to avoid future disputes.

Roy M. Goodman, State Senator
Albany, N.Y.

Corrections

IN OUR PIECE "TOWARD THE ROOT OF THE Evil" [THE JONESBORO SHOOTINGS, April 6], we referred incorrectly to the Stamps, Ark., shooting by eighth-grader Joseph ("Colt") Todd, 14, saying he had killed two fellow students. Todd's schoolmates were wounded, not killed.

OUR STORY "ROMANCING THE WIDOW?" [NATION, March 30] inaccurately stated that on *60 Minutes* Kathleen Willey accused Maryland real estate developer Nathan Landow of trying to get her to deny an alleged sexual advance by President Clinton. CBS correspondent Ed Bradley asked Willey about an FBI investigation into charges that Landow had pressured her to keep quiet. Willey said only that she and Landow had "extensively" discussed her encounter with Clinton. She declined to elaborate, citing ongoing investigations. TIME regrets the errors.

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TIME

The World's Most Interesting Magazine

VERBATIM

“Automobiles aren't the biggest manufacturing industry in the country. We are.”

RHETT DAWSON,
of the Information

Technology Industry Council,
commenting in USA Today on
the growth of Internet use

“The word ‘bummer’ comes to mind.”

BOB SIECK,

shuttle operations director,
after a launch delay forced
NASA to replace 18 pregnant
mice and 1,514 crickets aboard

“The last time I was in this situation, my mom was washing my uniform.”

DAVID CONE,

Yankee ballplayer, on
dressing and playing in
different places, after a fallen
joint forced the team to move
a game to the Mets' stadium

“This movie gives vivid descriptions of the relationship between money and love [and] rich and poor ... I don't mean to publicize capitalism, but [as the saying goes] ‘Know thine enemy.’”

JIANG ZEMIN,

China's President, on the
opening of Titanic in China



HE'S HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE Subsidizing probes, underwriting witnesses, chipping in for a deanship at a Malibu school, the omnipresent megamillionaire Richard Mellon Scaife owns the cashbox of the anti-Clinton crusade

WINNERS & LOSERS

WHAT I DID FOR LOVE

KATHARINE GRAHAM

Novice writer wins Pulitzer: fitting accolade for one who doubted she could run a newspaper

MICHAEL OVITZ

Back from limbo and on Broadway, where he'll give his regards to ex-boss Michael Eisner

ARETHA FRANKLIN

Divas? Try Diva and the Divettes. Hail, Queen of Soul!

BABE RUTH

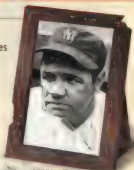
Rubbe in the House He Built paves the way for the House New York Will Build for Steinbrenner

AL GORE

\$353 for charity? Doesn't he know he can claim \$500 before the IRS gets suspicious?

THE LOVE BOAT

New series copies old formula, but this cheese won't float





JONESBORO

A Boy and His Ex-Lawyer

MITCHELL JOHNSON, 13, WAS "SHOCKED" AT what the press wrote about him, so he wanted to explain publicly why he and **ANDREW GOLDEN**, 11, shot up their Arkansas school, killing four classmates and a teacher. So says Tom Furth, the Ohio lawyer hired by the boy's father. Last Friday ABC's **BARBARA WALTERS** on 20/20 was prepared to air Mitch Johnson's



Johnson Walters

version of the day of the shooting, as related by Furth. But that afternoon the piece was abruptly dropped.

Details of the interview, including a "hit list" and Mitch's description of the attack, have since seeped into the tabloids. Earlier Furth had told **TIME**, "There are people that knew [the shooting] was going to happen and others who should have known." A source has also told **TIME** that after the shooting, the two boys had planned to drive three or four hours to a cabin in the woods owned by the Goldenes. For that they needed gas, but the three stations the duo stopped at as they drove to school refused them service because of their age.

But why did ABC cancel the piece? Two days before his scheduled interview

with Walters, Furth was bounced from the Jonesboro case by presiding judge Ralph Wilson, who declared that the lawyer, not shy about talking to the press, was not acting in the boy's best interest. Furth says he was told, "We don't practice law in Arkansas like that."

BILL HOWARD, a public defender originally appointed by the court, remains Mitch's counsel. But Furth says he believed he still represented Mitch's parents (who are divorced) and continued to speak to the media, including ABC News and **TIME**. On Friday, however, just as Furth was to tape another 20/20 segment in Washington, ABC received a phone call from Howard, who said Mitch, apparently persuaded by his mother, had written a letter declaring that he did not want the piece to air and that it violated his attorney-client privileges. When Mitch's mother refused to take Furth's call, Furth says he decided to ask the network to yank its story.



Furth

Furth declares that "under no circumstances did I ever violate the attorney-client privilege." He insists that "both parents and Mitchell were aware of the content [of the interview] and authorized it." And he is worried about his former boy client. He says he recently received a letter from an Arkansas militia seeking vengeance. Parts of the note, he says, read ominously: "Mitchell must die. It might be tomorrow or next week or at the hearing... Or it might be after they are in detention. But we can get to Mitchell, and we will. Our only hope and prayer is that nobody beats us to him first."

—By Sylvester Monroe

NORTHERN IRELAND

Approval of the Deal Is Likely, Not Unanimous

POLLS INDICATE THAT MORE THAN 70% OF voters support the Northern Ireland peace agreement, which must be approved in a May 22 referendum. The campaign, however, has just begun, and will clearly be nasty in the North. **PETER ROBINSON**, deputy leader of **IAN PAISLEY'S** Protestant Democratic Unionist Party, called the agreement "the mother of all treachery." He also told **TIME** that should **PRESIDENT CLINTON** visit the province to encourage support for the agreement, as has been proposed, "we will not give him a free hand to go around and do whatever



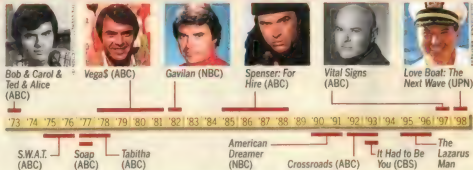
Paisley

he wants. He will be subject to the cut and thrust of the hustings of Northern Ireland political campaigns." Paisley's party is well known for its gangs of bullyboys who play rough during elections. Could Robinson be threatening disruptions? "One thing we will not do is give prior warning of our intentions," he replied. The White House says there has been no decision, but Paisley's opposition will be "irrelevant" to what Clinton does. On the Catholic side, **GERRY ADAMS**, president of Sinn Fein, has been holding a frantic series of meetings with the people who, as Adams says, "made the struggle, made the sacrifices and made the big commitment"—in short, the I.R.A. So far, he is getting a mixed reaction, but he is confident that he will ultimately bring them along.

—By Barry Hillenbrand/Belfast

ANNALS OF TELEVISION

URICH: FOR HIRE
His is the face that has launched 13 series. And now, actor Robert Urich has once again found gainful employment, starring as Captain Jim Kennedy III in UPN's *Love Boat: The Next Wave*. Herewith a compendium of the sturdy actor's small-screen shows:



That card swapping ritual is so passé.

Who hasn't been there when someone's started dealing business cards as if it were a game of five card stud? The Palm III™ connected organizer lets you dispense with that ritual - without gambling with your precious information. Now infrared transfer makes it possible to transfer your business card and other information (including applications) directly to and from other Palm III users. And HotSync™ technology lets you exchange data with your PC - great for quick backups and seamless data entry. Of course Palm III still keeps track of appointments, contacts, to-do lists, e-mail and expenses - and applications created by thousands of developers make this organizer even more powerful. Palm Computing products are the fastest-selling computer products in history and soon not having one will be like running out of business cards - a big business faux pas. For a Palm III retailer near you, visit www.palm.com or call 1-800-861-7529.



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- CD-ROM
- Contact
- Expense and Task
- Mail Merge
- Mail Merge

Other Applications Available:

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- Contact Manager 3.0, 3.1, 3.2
- Microsoft Exchange Live Sync
- Microsoft Outlook 3.0
- Microsoft Word 6.0
- Microsoft Excel 6.0
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She (R.-N.Y.) Said, He (R.-Ga.) Said



NEWT GINGRICH AND SUSAN Molinari have both written new memoirs. The common experience of the House Speaker



and the former Congresswoman seems to end there:

Newt: "Christmas is a slow news time, and this story [of the settlement of his ethics case] dominated the media ... the story cycled through CNN virtually every half hour for three or four days."

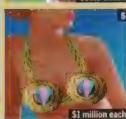
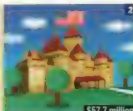
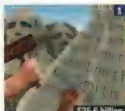
Susan: "That settlement was made public just as Americans were caught up in their final frenzy of Christmas shopping, so the announcement made a remarkably light impression on voters."

Newt: "I was thinking about long-range planning when what I should have been doing was making sure we could get through the summer of 1997."

Susan: "By the time we reached summer 1997 ... [he] was still trying to micro-manage even the minutiae of House life."

Newt: "I ... was essentially a political leader of a grass-roots movement seeking to do nothing less than reshape the federal government along with the political culture of the nation."

Susan: "Finally, Newt's face began to quiver ... It's so hard being at the center of a worldwide movement."



How to Blow \$50 Billion Without Even Trying

Last week the government announced that it will have a \$50 billion budget surplus. The pols immediately began arguing over how best to spend it. How often do we get our hands on a windfall like this? Here are some ways we could just blow it!

- 1 Build a taxpayers' monument; list all 270 million of our names
- 2 Purchase a castle in Germany to time-share: we'll each get 1.36 minutes
- 3 Stand a national round of drinks every Friday for a year
- 4 Buy Bill Gates. We'll share his future income—and he can do tech support
- 5 Give Victoria's Secret diamond-studded bras to 50,000 taxpayers
- 6 Make safety glamorous: cover U.S. fire hydrants in gold leaf
- 7 Finance 46 minutes per citizen on the Psychic Friends Network
- 8 Five words: down payment on space Titanic

—By Margaret Feldstein

HEALTH REPORT

THE GOOD NEWS

COLD-BLOODED CURE? Scientists may have discovered an unlikely way to fight Lyme disease: use lizard blood. Though a vaccine or treatment is still far off, early reports show that when infected ticks are bathed in lizard blood, the Lyme-disease bacteria are destroyed.

NO REST FOR THE BREAST Another reason for moms to breast-feed babies: breast milk contains lactadherin, a protein that seems to fight off the virus that causes most infant diarrhea.

TAME TEENS Adolescents who get condoms at school aren't any more sexually active than those who don't. And when prepared teens do have sex, they're more likely to use the protection.

Sources: *Journal of Parasitology*; *Lancet*; Alan Guttmacher Institute



BRIAN CROWN

THE BAD NEWS

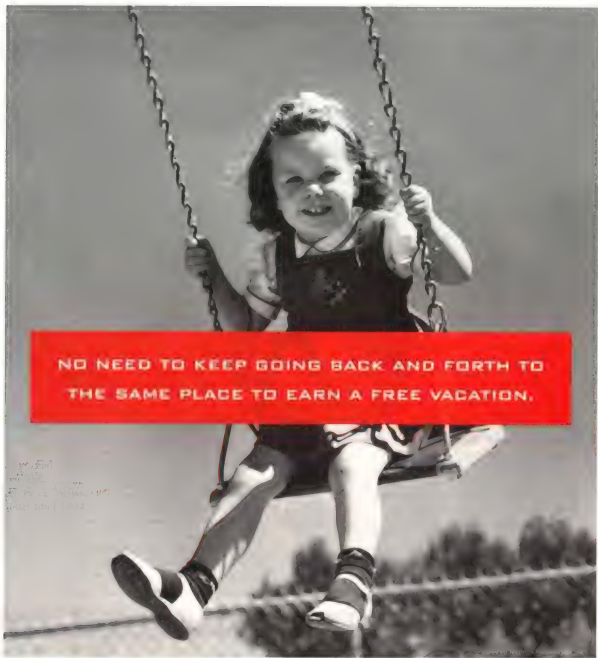
FALSE ALARM Women who undergo a mammogram every year for 10 years face a 50% risk of at least one false-positive result. And there's a 20% chance they'll get a biopsy. But women should keep getting mammograms despite fears of suspicious findings.

PREEMIE PROBLEM Giving the steroid dexamethasone to premature babies helps free them early from a ventilator but increases their risk of infection and can slow their growth.

FIRST DO NO HARM? Adverse reaction to medication is fatal to 100,000 patients in hospitals each year, making this one of the nation's leading killers.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: *New England Journal of Medicine* (1) and (2); *Journal of the American Medical Association*



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Margaret Carlson

Does He or Doesn't He?

IF THE GUM-CARE INSTITUTE CALLS TO ASK HOW OFTEN I floss, I might say a couple of times a week, because I know I should and wish I did. No doubt this was the mentality of the more than 3,000 working adults who, when asked by the Families and Work Institute whether they were spending more time with their families, said, "You betcha!" Men claimed they were devoting more than two hours every day to *Kinder* and *Küche*, half an hour more than 20 years ago. This, naturally, spawned outsize headlines, led by the *New York Times's* MEN ASSUMING BIGGER SHARE AT HOME, NEW SURVEY SHOWS.

Have husbands really evolved from hunters and gatherers into nurturers and helpmates? I don't think so. A yuppie dad I know puts Junior in the Snuggli, hits the gourmet market, lights the grill, and then boasts of fixing dinner and tending baby. Poke a superdad in the middle of the night and quiz him on his kids' shoe sizes, their birthday-party preferences or Sara's science-fair entry. Tops, he nails two out of three.

It's women who still expend the psychic energy that keeps a household going (Is Dave & Buster's right for Ethan's birthday? Christmas here or at my sister's?). As for chores, let's define the term. A chore is the thing that has to be done right now or all hell breaks loose. A chore is putting in an extra load of laundry or cleaning up after the kids before you get rec-room Pompeii. It's not installing an antique doorknob, planting tomatoes

or grilling salmon for company, which are fun. Hobbies—surfing the Web, working out, tinkering with the sound system—are not housework simply because they're done at home.

Author Arlie Hochschild, who visited 50 families over several years, wrote in *Second Shift* that sleep-deprived women work an extra month at home each year. More recently, University of Maryland sociologist John Robinson found that mothers still spend about four times as much time with children as fathers do. Psychologist Carin Rubenstein, author of *The Sacrificial Mother*, found that twice as many moms as dads are involved at school. Soccer moms make up a third of soccer coaches. When the real crunch comes, 83% of mothers stay home with a sick child, reading *Goodnight Moon* endlessly, compared with 22% of fathers.

It may be ever thus. Women realize that they have five decades to make law partner but only two to raise a child. A mother's triumph, day by day, may seem small, occurring not in the corner office but in the kitchen over strained peas, with the results apparent not in the next deal but in the next generation. So we married someone whose nose can discern the vintage of a Merlot but can't smell a dirty diaper when it's right in front of him. It's easier to change the diaper than to argue over who changed the last one. So we're a little more tired, and men are pulling a fast one on these gullible pollsters. In the end, we're the ones who just might turn out to have it all. ■



REALITY CHECK



DOWNSIDED BY THE DIRECTOR In his documentary *The Big One*, anti-corporate crusader Michael Moore visits Nike CEO Phil Knight to challenge the shoe company's use of cheap Indonesian labor. In the film, Knight seems evasive, edgy and ultimately tripped up by Moore's relentless interrogation. But did the filmmaker unfairly tailor Knight's appearance? In an effort to wipe the

trademarks off his reputation, Knight has put outtakes on Nike's Website (www.nikebiz.com). There Moore, who comes off as an attack dog in the film, is heard purring to Knight, "I honestly think you're the good guy."

READ ME



PROSE BEAUS AND BELLES O.K. So you can't judge a book by the cover. But perhaps there's another way. Maybe you can judge the author by the cover or, more precisely, the lack thereof. Take a peek at some recent book authors without jackets: Isabel Allende (*Aphrodite*), Douglas Coupland (*Girfriend in a Coma*) and Elizabeth Wurtzel (*Bitch*).



A promise to respect your sense of style, most of the time.

A promise one day you'll meet another man this trusting.

A promise to provide for you, no matter what.

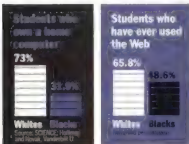
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Online Warriors Sue the Origin of Their Discontent

SWORD-WIELDING VIRTUAL WARRIORS in the medieval world of Ultima Online have become real-life plaintiffs in a lawsuit against Origin Systems, creator of the popular Internet game. Fed up with service lags and other bugs, they charge Origin knew it couldn't deliver 24-hour real-time play but advertised it anyway. Their lawyer says it's time the computer-gaming industry quit hyping its wares; he wants Origin to drop its \$10 monthly fee until the problems are fixed. The company won't comment but invites players to call its help line: 512-434-4357.

World White Web?

A MORE AND MORE SURFERS FLOCK TO the Net, a new study warns that African Americans may be left behind.



The Net's Greatest Hits

THEY PRODUCE SOME CATCHY TUNES, BUT one-hit-wonder bands can be more trouble than they're worth. You end up shelling out \$15 for the CD only to discover that the rest of the album isn't fit for listening. Now there's a remedy. A new crop of Web-sites lets discerning fans mix and match from a long list of digital cuts to make their

own custom CDs. At musicmaker.com, you can assemble a personal hit parade from 150,000 tracks, from rock to gospel (cost: \$9.95 for the first five tracks and \$1 for each additional). Edgier eductive.com offers a smaller (4,000 titles), more specialized selection with an emphasis on hip-hop and techno, while supersonicboom.com boasts 51,000 songs. Who ever said Mozart, Louis Armstrong and Puff Daddy don't mix?

GIRL TECH



SAY CHEESE, KEN Barbie's virtual world, which encompasses nearly two dozen CD-ROMs, will soon have a snappy new gadget: Barbie Digital Camera (\$65). Accompanying software lets you drop a pal's mug into a digital postcard or scrapbook.

GEARED UP



HONEY, I SHRUNK THE ... Thought the Palm Pilot was small? In June, Seiko will start selling the Ruputer (\$290), the first watch-size PC. The Lilliputian device will store files and manage schedules, addresses and to-do lists downloaded from a PC. But entering data by hand is a drag. You have to maneuver a tiny cursor to select one letter at a time.

MILESTONES

RELEASED. WANG DAN, 29, Chinese dissident who helped lead the ill-fated 1989 democracy rallies in Beijing; on "medical parole" from an 11-year sentence for subversion. He flew to the U.S. for treatment.



RETIRING. ROBERT CRANDALL, 62, rough and tough president of American Airlines for 18 years, who pioneered such innovations as frequent-flyer miles and supersaver fares; in Fort Worth, Texas.

NEW TRIAL GRANTED. To **SHAREEF COUSIN**, a 19-year-old on death row and the subject of a Jan. 19, 1998, TIME investigation; by the Louisiana Supreme Court, in New Orleans. Citing the prosecutor's "flagrant misuse" of key evidence, the justices reversed Cousin's murder conviction in a 7-to-0 decision.



DIED. ALEX RITCHIE, 53, intrepid British balloonist whose airborne acrobatics—and buoyancy of spirit—last year averted mogul Richard Branson's balloon team's death by deflation; from injuries suffered during a parachute jump; in London.

DIED. TERRY SANFORD, 80, Governor, Senator and presidential candidate from North Carolina. Tagged one of the century's 10 best Governors in a Harvard study, Sanford aided inte-

gration and overhauled public education in his state; he was also president of Duke University for 16 years.

DIED. MAURICE STANS, 90, the power behind Richard Nixon's 1972 re-election purse, who bagged the record \$61 million in donations that would later help fund Watergate's dirty tricks; in Pasadena, Calif. An accountant by training and Nixon's Commerce Secretary, Stans had a knack for getting fat cats to show him the money, but he maintained that he was not behind its scandalous use. He eventually pleaded guilty to five campaign-finance violations, but the disgrace never eclipsed his fund-raising powers or his loyalty; he raised \$30 million for the Nixon library.



NUMBERS



2,052 Number of animals, including crickets, fish, mice, rats and snails, launched into space last Friday aboard the space shuttle *Columbia*

37 Approximate number of years, at the current rate of yearly shuttle launches, before 2,052 humans will have flown in space

93 Percentage of sixth-graders who could explain what a modem does

23 Percentage of FORTUNE 1000 executives who could explain what a modem does



61 Percentage of programs on broadcast and cable television last year that contained violence

45 Percentage of programs that featured "bad" characters who went unpunished



23 Number of quarterbacks in the NFL Hall of Fame

1 Number of quarterbacks in the Hall of Fame who were the first pick in the NFL draft

Sources: NASA; Vitellio Consulting Inc.; National Cable Television Association; ESPN Sports Almanac

SIXTY-SECOND SYMPOSIUM

QUESTION
Now that the Volkswagen Beetle has been resurrected, what other automobile would you like to see brought back?



JOHN DE LOREAN, maker of a 1980s short-lived, luxury, gull-winged car: Much of the Mercedes mystique is a product of their great engineer Rudolf Uhlenhaut. His greatest accomplishment was the 300 SL Gullwing—the car I'd like to see revived—a car so advanced that nearly 50 years later, some of its features, like direct gasoline injection, are just appearing in the marketplace.

TOM AND RAY MAGLIOZZI, hosts of *Car Talk* on National Public Radio: We'd vote to bring back the Peugeot. Because we love it? Non, non, non! Since it has been pulled out of the U.S. market—along with the Renault, the Fiat, the Alfa Romeo and the Yugo—there's just no one left to really make fun of on our show... [T]he arrogance of the French makes them such a delightful target.

JERRY VAN DYKE, star of the 1960s sitcom *My Mother the Car*, featuring a 1928 Porter: I'd like to have my mother resurrected because I miss her. That's not possible. So what I want is a '55 Thunderbird, my first car when I got out of the service. I got it on a used-car lot before they knew how good they were. Now I drive an '84 Rolls. But I'd still rather have that Thunderbird.



Here at Saturn, we have this saying: Happy workers build better cars. And one tour of the Spring Hill facility will show that belief runs from the plant floor, where team members work on ergonomic skillets, all the way to the Center for Discovery, where infants, toddlers and preschoolers alike are hard at work helping us build better cars. Now, we know what you're thinking.

"A four-year-old building stuff at a car plant. Doesn't that violate a whole handful of child labor laws?"

It's probably worth noting they're not helping us build our cars directly. Rather, they're helping their folks build them. Because the Center for Discovery is this really great day care center located less than a mile from the plant, making it easy for parents to stop by anytime. Lunch. Dinner. Whenever their children get sick. (For those of you who don't have kids, it happens quite a bit.) All of which serves to pretty much erase any worries they have about child care and, in turn, focus a little more intently on their work. Which is building the best cars they can build.



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SPIRITING PRAYER INTO SCHOOL

Politicians may bicker about bringing back prayer, but in fact it's already a major presence—thanks to the many after-school prayer clubs

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

ON AN OVERCAST AFTERNOON, IN a modest room in Minneapolis, 23 teenagers are in earnest conversation with one another—and with the Lord. "Would you pray for my brother so that he can raise money to go [on a preaching trip] to Mexico?" asks a young woman. "Our church group is visiting juvenile-detention centers, and some are scared to go," explains a boy. "Pray that God will lay a burden on people's hearts for this."

"Pray for the food drive," says someone. "There's one teacher goin' psycho because kids are not turning in their homework and stuff. She's thinking of quitting, and she's a real good teacher."

"We need to pray for all the teachers in the school who aren't Christians," comes a voice from the back.

And they do. Clad in wristbands that read W.W.J.D. ("What Would Jesus Do?") and T-shirts that declare UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, the kids sing Christian songs, discuss Scripture and work to memorize the week's Bible verse, *John 15: 5* ("I am the vine and you are the branches"). Hours pass. As night falls, the group enjoys one last mass hug

and finally leaves its makeshift chapel—room 133 of Patrick Henry High School. Yes, a public high school. If you are between ages 25 and 45, your school days were not like this. In 1963 the Supreme Court issued a landmark ruling banning compulsory prayer in public schools. After that, any worship on school premises, let alone a prayer club, was widely understood as forbidden. But for the past few years, thanks to a subsequent court case, such groups not only have been legal but have become legion.

The clubs' explosive spread coincides with a more radical but so far less successful movement for a complete overturn of the 1963 ruling. On the federal level is the Religious Freedom amendment, a constitutional revision proposed by House Republican Ernest Istook of Oklahoma, which would reinstate full-scale school prayer. It passed the Judiciary Committee, 16 to 11, last month but will probably fare less well when the full House votes in May. One of many local battlefields is Alabama, where last week the state senate passed a bill mandating a daily moment of silence—a response to a 1997 federal ruling voiding an



GAINING GROUND: A gathering of student prayer-

earlier state pro-school prayer law. Governor Fob James is expected to sign the bill into law, triggering the inevitable church-state court challenge.

But members of prayer clubs like the one at Patrick Henry High aren't waiting for the conclusion of such epic struggles. They have already brought worship back to public school campuses, although with some state-imposed limitations. Available statistics are approximate, but they suggest that there are clubs in as many as 1 out of every 4 public schools in the country. In some areas the tally is much higher: evan-





club leaders in Niagara Falls, N.Y., boasted 4,343 participants, twice as many as the year before; 7,000 are expected at the next convention

gicals in Minneapolis-St. Paul claim that the vast majority of high schools in the Twin Cities region have a Christian group. Says Benny Proffitt, a Southern Baptist youth-club planter: "We had no idea in the early '90s that the response would be so great. We believe that if we are to see America's young people come to Christ and America turn around, it's going to happen through our schools, not our churches." Once a religious scorched-earth zone, the schoolyard is suddenly fertile ground for both Vine and Branches.

The turnabout culminates a quarter-

century of legislative and legal maneuvering. The 1963 Supreme Court decision and its broad-brush enforcement by school administrators infuriated conservative Christians, who gradually developed enough clout to force Congress to make a change. The resulting Equal Access Act of 1984 required any federally funded secondary school to permit religious meetings if the schools allowed other clubs not related to curriculum, such as public-service Key Clubs. The crucial rule was that the prayer clubs had to be voluntary, student-run and not convened during class time.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO? Bracelets like this are must-wear apparel for a generation forging a pop culture to match its presence in schools

Early drafts of the act were specifically pro-Christian. Ultimately, however, its argument was stated in pure civil-libertarian terms: prayers that would be coercive if required of all students during class are protected free speech if they are just one more after-school activity. Nevertheless, recalls Marc Stern, a staff lawyer with the American Jewish Congress, "there was great fear that this would serve as the base for very intrusive and aggressive proselytizing." Accordingly, Stern's group and other organizations challenged the law—only to see it sustained, 8 to 1, by the Supreme Court in 1990. Bill Clinton apparently agreed with the court. The President remains opposed to compulsory school prayer. But in a July 1995 speech he announced that "nothing

Y. J. D.



3:30 P.M. PRAISE:
Hands clasped at
Patrick Henry

“If . . . America’s young people come to Christ, it’s going to

in the First Amendment converts our public schools into religion-free zones or requires all religious expression to be left at the schoolhouse door.” A month later Clinton had the Department of Education issue a memo to public school superintendents that appeared to expand Equal Access Act protections to include public-address announcements of religious gatherings and meetings at lunchtime and recess.

Evangelicals had already seized the moment. Within a year of the 1990 court decision, prayer clubs bloomed spontaneously on a thousand high school campuses. Fast on their heels came adult organizations dedicated to encouraging more. Proffitt’s Tennessee-based organization, First Priority, founded in 1995, coordinates interchurch groups in 162 cities working with clubs in 3,000 schools. The San

Diego-based National Network of Youth Ministries has launched “Challenge 2000,” which pledges to bring the Christian gospel “to every kid on every secondary campus in every community in our nation by the year 2000.” It also promotes a phenomenon called “See You at the Pole,” encouraging Christian students countrywide to gather around their school flagpoles on the third Wednesday of each September; last year, 3 million students participated. Adult groups provide club handbooks, workshops for student leaders and ongoing advice. Network of Youth Ministries leader Paul Fleischmann stresses that the resulting clubs are “adult supported,” not adult-run. “If we went away,” he says, “they’d still do it.”

The club at Patrick Henry High certainly would. The group was founded two years ago with encouragement but no spe-

cific stage managing by local youth pastors. This afternoon its faculty adviser, a math teacher and Evangelical Free Church member named Sara Van Der Werf, sits silently for most of the meeting, although she takes part in the final embrace. The club serves as an emotional bulwark for members dealing with life at a school where two students died last year in off-campus gunfire. Today a club member requests prayer for “those people who got in that big fight [this morning].” Another asks the Lord to “bless the racial-reconciliation stuff.” (Patrick Henry is multiethnic; the prayer club is overwhelmingly white.) Just before Easter the group experienced its first First Amendment conflict: whether it could hang posters on all school walls like other non-school-sponsored clubs. Patrick Henry principal Paul McMahan eventual-



CLUB PLANTER: Adults like Benny Proffitt aid the student groups.

happen through our schools. — BENNY PROFFITT

ly decreed that putting up posters is off limits to everyone, leading to some resentment against the Christians. Nonetheless, McMahan lauds them for "understanding the boundaries" between church and state.

In Alabama, the new school-prayer bill attempts to skirt those boundaries. The legislation requires "a brief period of quiet reflection for not more than 60 seconds with the participation of each pupil in the classroom." Although the courts have upheld some moment-of-silence policies, civil libertarians say they have struck down laws featuring pro-prayer supporting language of the sort they discern in Alabama's bill. In the eyes of many church-club planters, such fracasoes amount to wasted effort. Says Doug Clark, field director of the National Network of Youth Ministries: "Our energy is being poured into what kids

can do voluntarily and on their own. That seems to us to be where God is working."

Reaction to the prayer clubs may depend on which besieged minority one feels part of. In the many areas where Conservative Christians feel looked down on, they welcome the emotional support for their children's faith. Similarly, non-Christians in the Bible Belt may be put off by the clubs' evangelical fervor; members of the chess society, after all, do not inform peers that they must push pawns or risk eternal damnation. Not everyone shares the enthusiasm Proffitt recently expressed at a youth rally in Niagara Falls, N.Y.: "When an awakening takes place, we see 50, 100, 1,000, 10,000 come to Christ. Can you imagine 100, or 300, come to Christ in your school? We want to see our campuses come to Christ." Watchdog organiza-

tions like Americans United for the Separation of Church and State report cases in which such zeal has approached harassment of students and teachers; student prayer leaders have seemed mere puppets for adult evangelists, and activists have tried to establish prayer clubs in elementary schools, where the description "student-run" seems disingenuous.

Nevertheless, the Jewish committee's Stern concedes that "there's been much less controversy than one might have expected from the hysterical predictions we made." Americans United director Barry Lynn notes that "in most school districts, students are spontaneously forming clubs and acting upon their own and not outsiders' religious agendas." A.C.L.U. lobbyist Terri Schroeder also supports the Equal Access Act, pointing out that the First Amendment's Free Exercise clause protecting religious expression is as vital as its Establishment Clause, which prohibits government from promoting a creed. The civil libertarians' acceptance of the clubs owes something to their use as a defense against what they consider a truly bad idea: Istook's school-prayer amendment. Says Lynn: "Most reasonable people say, 'If so many kids are praying legally in the public schools now, why would you

possibly want to amend the Constitution?"

For now, the prospects for prayer clubs seem unlimited. In fact, the tragic shooting of eight prayer-club members last December in West Paducah, Ky., by 14-year-old Michael Carneal provided the cause with martyrs and produced a hero in prayer-club president Ben Strong, who persuaded Carneal to lay down his gun. Strong recalls that the club's daily meetings used to draw only 35 to 60 students out of Heath High School's 600. "People didn't really look down on us, but I don't know if it was cool to be a Christian," he says. Now 100 to 150 teens attend. Strong has since toured three states extolling the value of Christian clubs. "It woke a lot of kids up," he says. "That's true everywhere I've spoken. This is a national thing." —*Reported by Richard N. Ostling/Minneapolis and Niagara Falls*



THE CURRIE RIDDLE

Is she too loyal to say anything damaging, or too honest to say anything but the truth?

By **NANCY GIBBS**

BECAUSE SHE IS SUCH A CALMING presence, always a kind word, always a candy bowl on her desk, a cold cloth for the forehead, Betty Currie has been painted through this winter of scandal as a simple, sanctified sister of mercy. But she is also a puzzle, with a résumé and reflexes that speak to lessons learned in 40 years of bureaucratic trench warfare. Is she too loyal ever to betray the President? Is she too honest ever to shade the truth? Kenneth Starr and Bill Clinton are each hoping that they know which side she will come down on—and the two sides couldn't be farther apart.

In the weeks since mid-January, when she spent four days holed up in a hotel room with Starr's team, answering questions about the President's relationship with Monica Lewinsky, Currie has gone to work every day and tended to her ail-

ing mother after hours. She sits right outside the Oval Office, answering Clinton's phones, opening his mail, greeting his visitors, gauging his mood for nervous guests, correcting his spelling, telling him when he's behind schedule and bringing him all sorts of other news, good and bad. In coming days she'll face Starr's team for another grilling under oath about her boss, which could yield the most crucial testimony yet against the President. She alone can say whether he tried to enlist her in covering up an alleged affair with Lewinsky by helping find the intern a job and by retrieving several gifts Clinton purchased for her.

Currie has a record of squeezing through tight spots, which makes her a much more nimble character than the snapshots suggest. She is so modest she neglected to tell her classmates at a high school reunion what she does for a living. "You almost had to drag it out of her that she worked at the White House," says

Waukegan Township High School classmate Chandra Sefton. She is so reserved that she often uses only facial expressions to reveal her opinions. She keeps her private life so private that some of her co-workers were not really aware of her divorce, her courtship with the man who became her second husband, or the deaths last year of her brother and her sister. She is regarded by nearly everyone as apolitical and nonpartisan, but over 10 years and three elections she became a minor franchise player on Democratic presidential campaigns. "For a woman who's been around politics as long as she has, it does not appear that aggression has kept her in the game," says a Clinton White House veteran. "Being nice and observant and being savvy have kept her in the game."

In a city where people make a career of being overestimated, Currie understood the value of doing exactly the opposite. A modest upbringing and innate humility helped. Being a black woman in a white-

IN AFRICA Currie, in sunglasses, was treated like a VIP and toasted in speeches

male power structure did too, to the point that to this day all the faintly patronizing descriptions of her vast maternal instincts ignore the considerable influence she has exerted over the years. More than one White House veteran will say without prompting that Currie got her job in part to bring some diversity to the West Wing. That dismissive attitude just helped Currie fly below the radar.

Her first break came from a Republican boss, Joseph Blatchford, who took over the Peace Corps in 1969 and needed a new secretary. "The job was a crucial one. I had 10,000 people spread out over 68 countries, and I needed a reliable, efficient person," he says. "I didn't ask if she was a Republican or Democrat. I wasn't interested because she was so good." She stuck with Blatchford when he moved to ACTION, the federal agency that ran the Peace Corps, and stayed there through three directors, building her own network among the people who sit just outside the big corner offices.

According to Sam Brown, another boss at ACTION, "Betty is not just an exceptional assistant who is smart and nice; she is well connected in that network of savvy career senior secretaries across Washington. She knows exactly who to call to get something done, or is at most two calls away from knowing."

Her political and personal life took a dramatic turn in the late 1970s. At that time, an ACTION official named Robert Currie effectively took over the agency, and Betty began dating him. They married in 1988, and some colleagues perceived a shift in Betty Currie's political guidance system. "I cannot help thinking that Bob, who is very liberal politically, has had an influence on Betty and her decisions to become more partisan over the years," says a former co-worker.

By the time Ronald Reagan became President, Currie was so well entrenched that she and a handful of career bureaucrats all but controlled an agency that he had vowed

to padlock. When he appointed a conservative Dallas lawyer named Thomas Pauken to head ACTION and "de-radicalize" the place, Pauken found he had to topple Currie first. "As long as she was sitting outside my office, I wasn't running the agency," he declares. So he demoted her. "Betty was surprised," he recalls. "She thought she had the place wired."

It was John Podesta, now Clinton's deputy chief of staff, who helped usher Currie into campaign politics. They met at ACTION in the 1970s, and eventually worked together on the Mondale campaign in 1984 and for Dukakis in 1988. After that hard, dispiriting race she swore to her husband that she'd never work on another one. That vow lasted until the next one, when she got a call to come work for strategist James Garville at Clinton headquarters in Little Rock, Ark. Currie told high school friend Sefton that she was working for this guy Clinton because after years of backing losers, she thought he really had a chance. Before the race was over, she was working in the Governor's mansion.

Once in the White House, Currie became an expert at making small talk with visiting dignitaries, members of Congress, Cabinet Secretaries and other Administration officials as they cooled their heels waiting for the ever tardy Clinton. In a tense atmosphere, where any information

about the President's mood is vital, she was a great early-warning system. "She would never say, 'He's in a bad mood,'" says Chip Blaker, a National Security Council official, "but if things weren't going well, she'd open her eyes dramatically and pronounce, 'Well, it has been an interesting day.'"

Currie has faced the grand jury before—back in January, when the sight of her fighting her way through a crush of cameras put an end once and for all to her anonymity. She admitted to a friend, in a note written on White House stationery, "I'm aging fast!" But that was, in Monica years, ages ago, and since then much has happened. For one, she's recently back from a grand tour of Africa, where Clinton toasted her in several speeches. Old friends who have spoken with her in the past week say she sounds calm and unfazed about Round 2 with the independent counsel. But Starr has been closing in on her too. To sketch a clearer arc of Clinton's relationship with Monica, Starr has had the benefit of obtaining phone and pager logs, White House entry records, interviews with White House aides and E-mails. On her return trip to the grand jury, Currie is likely to be shown specific dates and times to refresh her memory of Monica visits. Was the President expecting Monica, or did she come to see Currie and seize the moment to see Clinton? Did the President and Monica meet alone? If the records indicate that Currie was in the middle of something she did not remember earlier, will her memory of key events be rekindled? And is it just a coincidence or one of those perfectly weird ironies of the whole Monicalendar that Currie might be appearing before the grand jury during National Secretaries Week?

—Reported by James Carney, Sally B. Donnelly, Mark Thompson and Michael Weisskopf/Washington



CURRIE'S RESUME

PERSONAL Married to Bob Currie, a retired government official, for 10 years. One daughter from earlier marriage

PROFESSIONAL Climbed the ranks of civil service from typist to top secretary for three directors of ACTION, the agency that ran the Peace Corps. After "retiring," was lured back to work on presidential campaigns of Mondale, Dukakis and Clinton. Now she sits just outside the Oval Office

Betty Currie

Greens Flip over Turtles

In defending wildlife, enviros have made free trade the enemy. But will they ever be the same?

By PETER BEINART

AT FIRST GLANCE, THE CONFRONTATION at the Doubletree Hotel in San Jose, Calif., last February seemed familiar enough. Inside, two pro-business think tanks, the Brookings Institution and the World Affairs Council of Northern California, treated the Silicon Valley elite to chicken with mango sauce and a speech by a distinguished guest. Outside, environmental activists from the Sierra Club, Rainforest Action Network and the Green Party chanted their disapproval.

But the protesters' slogans didn't hit any of the stock environmental notes: the vanishing forests, the disappearing ozone, the timidity of the Environmental Protection Agency. Instead the activists aimed their *hey hey, ho hos* at an obscure global financial agreement of the kind that usually elicits yawns, not demonstrations. The accord is the Multilateral Agreement on Investment, which would prevent countries from favoring domestic companies over foreign ones and allow businesses to sue governments that they felt violated their rights as investors. And the man the environmentalists were railing against was one of the pact's chief proponents, Renato Ruggiero, head of the World Trade Organization (WTO), the body that oversees the global trading system.

As Ruggiero spoke, negotiators from the world's developed countries were working feverishly to complete the MAI by a deadline set for this month. But they will almost certainly miss that deadline, in no small part because of the kind of activism on display in San Jose. The charge that the MAI would eviscerate national environmental protections has turned a technical economic agreement into a cause célèbre. And that says a lot about the way the debate over free trade has transformed the American environmental movement.

A decade ago, most environmentalists were happily oblivious to the mind-numbing negotiations between international bureaucrats seeking to open the world's markets. Not a single staff member at any of America's major environmental organizations worked primarily on trade. For groups like the Sierra Club, the National Wildlife

Federation and Defenders of Wildlife, the environmental battle was fought, as it had been for years, primarily in Congress.

And then, in 1991, trade came crashing in. Mexico brought an action against the U.S. under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (the WTO's predecessor). It claimed that American environmental law prohibiting the import of tuna from countries that killed too many dolphins violated international trade rules. And Mexico won. All those hours environmentalists had spent trudging through



the corridors of Capitol Hill on behalf of dolphins had been undermined, overnight, by a far-off tribunal.

Those obscure, distant bureaucrats had developed a set of principles that struck at the heart of the environmental movement. According to the GATT (and later the WTO), free trade meant that a country's laws might favor one kind of product over another but should generally not discriminate between two identical products just because they were made differently. The tuna exported by Mexico wasn't any different from the tuna caught by other countries: the fact that more dolphins died in the process was simply a different way of making the same product. For environmentalists, the threat was clear.

In the years since the dolphin decision, the major environmental organizations have girded themselves for a showdown with free traders. Today most groups em-

ploy staff who work on nothing else. Last fall environmentalists banded together in opposition to President Clinton's request for renewal of fast-track trading authority. The Sierra Club took out radio ads, and the head of the National Wildlife Federation testified against it before Congress three times. They won.

So when, earlier this month, in an echo of the dolphin decision, the WTO ruled against a U.S. law blocking shrimp imports from countries whose boats endanger rare green sea turtles, the environmentalists were again ready for battle. They denounced the decision at a joint press conference, are preparing a letter to President Clinton, and have begun lobbying Congress. The Sierra Club will conduct a summer-long outreach program based on the slogan "Don't trade away the environment."

But the movement's new focus on trade has also bedeviled it. Suddenly some on the environmental left are arguing against one of leftism's cherished convictions—that the U.S. has an obligation to accept large numbers of the people who want to settle here. That's because the same nationalist sentiment that distrusts the free movement of goods—the unrestricted flow, say, of shrimp caught in turtle-killing nets—also tends to distrust the free movement of labor; in other words, immigration.

Last year Alan Kuper, a retired engineering professor and longtime Sierra Club member from Cleveland, began a drive to force the organization to en-

SEA CHANGES

Enviros never cared much about free trade; now they do because it may threaten green sea turtles like this one.

dorse tighter limits on immigration. Kuper argues that immigration fuels population growth, which degrades the American environment. In a binding referendum this week, the club's 550,000 members will decide whether they agree. Sierra Club member Leon Kolankiewicz sees the emergence of a "schism between globalists and those who want to focus on the American environment."

For environmentalists willing to forsake leftist loyalties and embrace nationalism, strange and powerful alliances abound. For there is no doubt that hostility to free trade is growing on the right as well, visible in the opposition of some conservatives to fast track and the MAI. A nationalist, antiglobalization alliance might offer environmentalists something they have rarely tasted in past decades: power. But could they still call themselves liberals? ■



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THE PRIEST AT THE PARTY

He says he hasn't decided about running for President. But **BILL BRADLEY**—former Senator and NBA star—does want to be the Democrats' conscience



By ERIC POOLEY

THERE IS A POWER IN GIVING UP power," Bill Bradley is saying, "and I didn't expect that." The former NBA star and three-term Senator from New Jersey explains that after he left public office in 1996, he kept right on talking about his signature issues—race relations, global trade, economic stress, campaign-finance reform—"and people would come up and say, 'So you really believe the things you've always said? You weren't just trying to manipulate us for our votes?' And I'd say, 'No, this is what I feel.'" Bradley gives an impish grin, as if he had just admitted to something wild and risky. He is luxuriating in a new role: outsider, truth teller, incipient presidential contender. "I'm still trying to figure out how to use this new power," he says. "And I haven't ruled anything out for 2000."

And with that, a roomful of pols break into applause. It is a perfect Bradley moment, because his Zen-like musings on the power of no power are delivered at a proto-campaign stop in Greensboro, N.C., where 100 local activists, officials and campaign operatives have come to meet a not-quite-candidate who looks like he wants the real kind of power back. It is Jan. 21; the Lewinsky scandal has engulfed Washington this very day, and the news is racing through the crowd. "This could be good for Bradley," says an old friend of his, "but

he'll wait to see how Gore's doing before jumping in. If Gore has the money and support locked up, he won't get in."

Those who know Bradley best say that's dead wrong. "The more this race seems like a long shot, the more likely it is Bill will get in," says a key Bradley adviser. "To Bill, the only attractive presidential candidacy is the one where everything's stacked against him." In a recent New Hampshire poll Bradley had the lowest name recognition in the field—yet placed second, well behind Gore. That delighted Bradley because it means that those who know him tend to like him and those who don't can learn about him on his terms. He plans to announce his decision before the end of the year.

Though he has no organization and isn't yet raising money, Bradley is laying the groundwork for a run. Last year he hired a chief of staff, veteran Democratic operative Ed Turlington, who operates out of Bradley's small office in Palo Alto, Calif., near the campus of Stanford University, where Bradley is a visiting professor this year. And sources close to Bradley tell TIME that their man has been in discussions with New Jersey trial lawyer Ted Wells, a major Democratic fund raiser and former Bradley finance chairman, to plan what a clean-but-effective fund-raising operation might look like. Campaign money is a ticklish subject for Bradley, who was criticized for raising a Goliath-like \$12 million before his 1990 Senate race against Chris-

tine Todd Whitman, which he just barely won. This time he knows he must raise \$25 million to compete in the primary, but he has been a vociferous critic of the campaign-finance system. He hoped the issue would launch a tide of grass-roots reform—a tide he could ride—but that didn't happen. He toyed with starting a third party but rejected the idea as costly and impractical. So if he runs, he must raise pots of cash without looking hypocritical. Asked whether he would refuse soft money and PAC donations, he changed the subject. "Too early," he said. "I'm not a candidate."

At least not yet. But some past obstacles are gone. In 1992 his wife Ernestine had breast cancer diagnosed, but the disease is in remission. His daughter Theresa Anne is at college, old enough to handle a presidential race. And Bradley has been tilling the soil carefully, working at an array of jobs with built-in access to crucial constituencies: the Stanford professorship, which gives him a platform for speeches and contacts in academia and Silicon Valley; a senior adviser's chair at J.P. Morgan & Co., which puts him in touch with Wall Street; and a gig producing soft-focus, nonpolitical essays about American life for the weekend *cas* *Evening News*, which keeps him in the public eye (but will end when his contract runs out in May, a *cas* executive says, because the news bosses found his work pallid). To compete with the Vice President in the high-tech arena, Bradley—who wrote his 1996 memoir, *Time Present, Time Past*, using No. 2 pen-



ON THE RUN At a Los Angeles forum on race, the not-quite candidate works a small group

trusted the intelligence of his audience. He was talking about what's wrong with politics: too much special-interest money, too many politicians relying on consultants instead of convictions, too many reporters chasing "the lurid and the sensational" instead of the issues—a fairly standard critique, and the audience was polite, nothing more. Then he wandered into a quiet, reflective place that political speeches seldom find. And he drew the crowd in there with him.

"Everywhere I go, I sense that Americans are yearning for something deeper than the material possessions in their lives," he began. To the doubters, he asked,

"Why do you think there's a perfume called Eternity?" Towering over the lectern, his heavy-lidded eyes getting wider and brighter, he talked about coming to terms with loss and disappointment, about frustrated hopes and difficult children, about the unresolvable tension between family and work. "Ever get to the point where you realize that the best thing about being alive... is being alive?" he asked in a low, intimate voice. "Being alive to the smallest things: a child's question, the color of a turning leaf, a sight you've never seen that you pass on your way to work each day. These are not unimportant questions."

If it wasn't quite poetry—or politics—it was moving. With the audience rapt, Bradley linked these questions to the simple idea of getting involved—mentoring kids, caring for seniors, joining community groups—and suggested that such work gives meaning to the private daily struggle. And when he was through, the crowd stood and cheered, not just because Bradley had been good but also because he seemed to have faith in their goodness. It was hard to imagine Bradley replicating the moment day after day on the campaign trail, where amped-up phrases and shrink-wrapped personae stand in for nuanced thought. But Bradley has neither taste nor talent for mass marketing, and if he does run, he will make a point of creating plenty of moments like that one. Even if they don't play well on TV.

Bradley genuinely doesn't see himself as a conventional politician. A sports hero before

cils—maintains a Website and is working with a technology-consulting firm to bone up on the issues. Given the chance, he will talk at length about the Year 2000 computer-clock problem—just like Gore.

The two men have plenty in common. Both believe in tireless practice and painstaking prep; both have compared themselves to inanimate objects: Gore to wood, Bradley to a waxworks dummy. And each is working to improve his speaking performance. While Gore has been getting louder and more self-consciously Southern, Bradley has been experimenting with spontaneity—scribbling remarks on the back of

change, about how to fix our dysfunctional democracy. Life on the run is familiar to Bradley; it happens to be the title of his first book. At 54, he has been on the road for 30 years—as a Princeton basketball star for four, a New York Knick for 10, a Senator for 18—but suddenly he's in charge of himself. After so many years of schedules, he says, "I feel like a bird released into the sky to fly."

Winging it seems to be paying off. At a volunteerism conference in Greensboro early this year, Bradley drew a standing ovation from a crowd of 1,500. Not with tub-thumping oratory—he'll never be any good at that—but with a thoughtful approach that

an envelope moments before a speech, gathering thoughts in a green room just before a flat-tax debate with Steve Forbes. "Making music out of a speech is a special skill," he writes in his memoir. "It comes from going out on the road as if you were a musician, playing the small clubs until you get it down." And that's what he has been doing. Since Jan. 1, he has traveled to Los Angeles; San Diego; Tucson and Phoenix, Ariz.; Seattle; New York City; Greensboro; Springfield, Mo.; New Orleans; Mobile, Ala.; and three cities in Florida. He is working on his chops, talking, sometimes for pay, about this prosperous but perplexing American moment, about race and the pace of



ONE ON ONE The soul-searching ex-Senator, in a Palo Alto coffee shop, has been crisscrossing the U.S., working on his delivery

he could vote, he never had to seek the spotlight. He complains that people have always tried to pigeonhole him—as a Young Christian, a scholar-athlete, a white man in a black man's sport, an ex-jock in the Senate cloakroom. "They lock into who you were at a particular moment and don't allow for your capacity for growth," he says. He professes to hate so much of what politics has become, yet loves the image of himself cutting through the noise, telling the truth, offering more questions than answers. To hear Bradley tell it, he is not so much setting up an outsider's bid for the Oval Office as conducting a search for "the New American Narrative," the storyline that crystallizes where the country is and where it's going. When he lays out his vision of that in a May 14 speech at Stanford, he won't want anyone to think he's doing it for callow political reasons.

Some former Bradley aides, who remember how unfocused and adrift he seemed during his last years in the Senate, have become impatient with his to-run-or-not-to-run act. They don't believe his intellectual quest is leading anywhere. "Is he doing this to improve the nation," asks one, "or just to improve himself?" He reminds them of another bigfoot Democrat who seemed to regard himself as better than the process—Mario Cuomo, the longtime New York Governor, now a lawyer in private practice. Plenty has changed since Cuomo's big moment: Paul Tsongas and Ross Perot have come and gone, and the political truth teller has become just another available package—one that journalists may like more than voters do. The public that twice elected Bill Clinton seems to favor politicians who revel in the game, and Bradley never has. He guards his privacy and prefers to float above the fray—which could make him seem arrogant, unwilling to sully himself in the free-for-all of a primary. "Bill wants very much to be President," says a former aide. "But he doesn't particularly want to run for President."

When Bradley was a Knick, his teammates used to call him "Mr. President." During the team's first championship season, in 1969-70, he showed up one night at a wild party thrown by his teammate Dave DeBusschere. Bradley, a teetotaler, was dressed as a priest. As DeBusschere later wrote, "Every now and then our future President tapped a guest on the back and said, 'Excuse me, but I'm ready to take your confession.'" It was Bradley's idea of a practical joke. Today, with his indictment of a "paralyzed and polarized" system in the thrall of money and pollsters, Bradley is again the priest at the party. But this time he's not kidding, and the party is the Democratic one. Is it ready for its confession? ■

DIVIDING LINE

By Jack E. White

Trash Talk on Sports

Clinton should warn kids not to bet on a pro career

I'M NO FAN OF BILL CLINTON'S SO-CALLED INITIATIVE ON RACE, WHICH ASSUMES that we would all get along better if we just threw ourselves into a White House-led conversation on the subject. If there's anything this overheated issue does not need, it's more touchy-feely rhetoric and posturing from Washington. There are no subjects that we debate more incessantly—and pointlessly—than race relations, unless it's sports and politics. Toss the three together on cable TV in an attempt to grab a big audience of sports-addicted males, and the result can be vacuity on an Olympian scale.

That's why the presidential town hall on race and sports, broadcast by ESPN last week, was so disappointing. The discussion rarely rose above the level of



Hooping it up in South Central L.A.

sports-talk radio. A few urgent topics—such as how the millions of dollars earned by black and Latino pro athletes can be converted into durable economic development for their communities—were briefly touched upon. But most of the exchange was, well, inside baseball—so narrowly focused on the inner workings of big-league college and professional sports that any lessons for the larger society were left unclear. How, for example, increasing the number of white cornerbacks in the National Football League will improve race relations quite frankly beats the hell out of me. What we need—and did not get from this panel—is a real discussion about the ways that playing sports, not just obsessing on them, can be used to transmit values that advance racial justice and equity. For that kind of talk you need educators and philosophers, not just coaches, jocks, ex-jocks and wannabe jocks who went into politics.

Overlooked in last week's discussion, for example, were the astronomical odds against even a gifted athlete's making it to the major leagues. Far more important than the shortage of black and Latino professional coaches and general managers is the huge surplus of inner-city youngsters who don't think they have to hit the books so long as they can crash the boards, or the opposing quarterback. That self-destructive attitude gets reinforced every time a high school sports star gets special treatment over an A-student classmate: every time a multimillionaire pro like Golden State Warriors guard Latrell Sprewell gets off the hook for violent behavior that would cost him his job and get him arrested if he earned his living any other way. It may have something to do with the wide and troubling gap that persists between black and white scores on standardized tests for college admission. Yet we continue to put sports figures on pedestals, paying some of them enough to fund a small-town school system, while we offer few rewards in prestige and applause to youngsters who excel in academics. Indeed, in some black neighborhoods, kids who do well in school are ridiculed for "acting white." Black entertainers Will Smith and Chris Rock have boldly (and hilariously) taken aim at that attitude. Why not the President and his sports panel?

Don't get me wrong. Playing sports can teach important lessons about teamwork and striving, but it offers a career to only a relative handful of athletes. And until we put sports back into perspective, we're playing a sucker's game. ■

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THE BUTCHER OF CAMBODIA

Pol Pot is dead, but his passing leaves a sense of outrage that the master of the killing fields escaped justice

By **TERRY MCCARTHY** SIEM REAP

NOW WE WILL NEVER KNOW WHY. YET WHO CAN EVER fathom the evil that men do. We stand disbelieving before genocide, when women's throats are slit with sharp palm leaves, when children's heads are smashed against tree trunks, when men are slaughtered with the crack of a hoe. These things happened every day in Cambodia for 3½ terrible years, and when the world learned of it, people could only respond with dumb horror.

All Pol Pot ever said was that he was creating a "pure" communist society and whatever he did was done for his country. "My conscience is clear," he told journalist Nate Thayer in a rare interview last October, never admitting his appalling conduct, never regretting the countless executions, the million more dead of starvation and overwork, the living population maimed in body or mind, the entire country reduced to Stone Age survival. Nineteen years after the hated Vietnamese drove him back into the jungle, the evil that he did lives on in Cambodia's traumatized society, poisoned politics, governmental misrule and pitiful piles of bleached-white skulls. When Pol Pot died last week, alone in a small, thatched hut, his passing left only outrage that this man had cheated earthly justice.

Evasive and mysterious throughout his life, Pol Pot slipped just as stealthily into death, guarding his secrets to the end. The teenage guerrillas of the Khmer Rouge who had kept him under "house arrest" since a show trial last year blandly informed reporters that one of the world's most notorious mass murderers had



UNCANNY TIMING: The leader's body was placed on public view shortly

died peacefully Wednesday night of a heart attack, discovered when his wife came to tuck in his mosquito net.

The timing of his demise was almost too uncanny, coming just as the beleaguered remnants of his once terrifying movement prepared to hand him over to Western justice in exchange for some kind of amnesty for themselves. Two weeks ago the Clinton Administration began drawing up plans for Pol Pot's capture and trial in an international court. Many who had trafficked with him—the Chinese, the Thais, the former Khmer Rouge cadres now running the government in Phnom Penh—had good reason to prefer his death to a revealing trial. But the 73-year-old's health had been failing. A stroke in 1995 paralyzed much of his left side, he was taking medicine for a heart complaint, and he suffered from chronic malaria. For the past three weeks he had been hustled between safe houses near the Thai border to avoid shelling. As government forces aided by growing legions of Khmer Rouge defectors closed in, Pol Pot must have realized the end was near.

KILLING FIELDS

Pol Pot's reign of terror was one of the bloodiest in the 20th century. He ordered everyone out to rural settlements as slave labor. Tens of thousands fell to starvation and disease. "Intellectuals," teachers, merchants, doctors were branded "parasites" and killed outright. Many thousands were jailed, tortured, then executed. After the Khmer Rouge defeat in 1979, dozens of fields were unearthed, revealing the bones of more than 1 million dead.



1973 Even before they seized power, the boy soldiers of the rebel Khmer Rouge showed little remorse to those taken prisoner



1975 Residents of the capital fled as Khmer Rouge swept a



after the U.S. began to make plans for his capture

When the communist guerrilla, then known only as Brother No. 1, took power in April 1975, he vowed to turn back the clock to "Year Zero." In the name of a bizarre blend of peasant romanticism and radical Maoism, the Khmer Rouge conducted a reign of terror intended to give birth to an agrarian utopia. At the point of their guns, they emptied Cambodia's cities, abolished money and markets, shut down schools and Buddhist monasteries and forced the entire country to wear black pajamas as a sign of "instant communism." Inspired by China's Cultural Revolution, Pol Pot carried its practices to the extreme. Anyone who questioned the system, anyone who spoke a foreign language, anyone who wore glasses, was executed. Thousands upon thousands perished from starvation and disease in the slave camps of the countryside, as the fatally isolated economy ceased to function.

Pol Pot ignored the disaster he was inflicting on his people. Living in a deserted Phnom Penh, he was obsessed with his own safety, regularly changing houses in paranoid addiction to secre-

cy. He trusted very few comrades for long; he had 16,000 Khmer Rouge cadres tortured to death in the infamous Tuol Sleng interrogation center—"strings of traitors," as he saw them, who had to be "burned out." Yet when confronted with this by Thayer, Pol Pot claimed he had never heard of Tuol Sleng and showed no sign of remorse. "I came to carry out the struggle, not to kill people. Even now, and you can look at me, am I a savage person?"

The conundrum of the man is that he did not seem savage at all. Before fleeing into the jungle in 1963, the French-educated son of prosperous landowners, born Saloth Sar, taught school in Phnom Penh, and his former students remember him as a soft-spoken, even-tempered man who loved to recite his favorite poet, Verlaine. François Ponchaud, a French priest who first moved to Cambodia in 1965, says that when he heard the leader who called himself Pol Pot give a speech on the radio in 1977. "I remember saying to myself, this man knows how to speak. Not angry shouting, but with a gentle, well-modulated voice."

Even after his record of genocide was known the world over, Pol Pot inspired affection among the countryfolk who harbored him for nearly 20 years. "The people found him very kind—I mean the poor people," said Mit Sim, head of Pol Pot's bodyguards in northwestern Cambodia until 1994. During a visit to the area last fall, Sim led the way uphill to the remains of Pol Pot's house and pointed out a large rock at the edge of a nearby cliff. "This is where he would come and sit in the evening," said Sim. "When he was depressed he would call me, and I would come sit with him. He drank expensive ginseng tea, and he kept a bottle of Thai whisky, and he would talk about developing the country for the poor people."

In the end, Pol Pot's equanimity in the face of the unaccountable brutality he unleashed defies analysis. When writing his biography, *Brother Number One*, historian David Chandler says he often had the uneasy feeling that Pol Pot "was just outside my line of vision observing me." The dictator's legacy is equally disturbing, says Chandler, pointing to the bloody coup staged by one-time Khmer Rouge lieutenant Hun Sen last year and the continuing political assassinations as the country prepares for elections in July that Hun Sen hopes will legitimize his regime. "In Cambodia you simply get rid of people who are in the way."

Those who sought to bring Pol Pot to justice hoped to help break the cycle of violence. With his untimely death, Pol Pot performed one last service to his people: his specter will continue to haunt the Cambodian psyche for years to come. ■



Phnom Penh, fled the city in panic as the armed forces of the through in their victorious assault



1989 Dith Pran, whose experiences formed the basis of the movie *The Killing Fields*, reflects on his country's fate



THE DEMONSTRATORS: Hundreds protested the arrest of the popular Tehran mayor

Passionate Politics

Moderates and hard-liners square off in a power struggle for Iran's youthful hearts and minds

By SCOTT MACLEOD TEHRAN

WASHINGTON MAY WONDER IF IRAN'S President Mohammed Khatami is really a reformer, but the country's mullahs have no such doubts. In the 11 months since Khatami's upset election victory, the conservative clerics who have long monopolized power have done all they can to prevent the more moderate Khatami from easing their doctrinaire, anti-Western rule.

Last week a showdown seemed imminent, as the ideological struggle over Iran's future spilled into the streets. Hard-line judicial authorities had jailed one of Khatami's closest allies, Tehran Mayor Gholamhossein Karabashi, on corruption charges. Hundreds of students gathered at Tehran University's gates demanding Karabashi's release. Police officials sent riot squads charging into the crowd, using clubs and tear gas to break up the protest. Dozens of students were dragged away and arrested. Said an Iranian journalist beaten by the police: "I haven't seen anything like this since the protests against the Shah."

Fears that this standoff could escalate seemed to sober the clerics. Led by Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, the country's supreme spiritual leader, the conservatives reluctantly agreed to release Karabashi on bail. At stake, though, was far more than the le-

gal fate of Tehran's mayor. "I am only a small servant," Karabashi told cheering well-wishers on his release. The mayor had quickly become a symbol of the public's hopes for political and social tolerance inspired by Khatami's election, and his arrest was regarded as a not-so-veiled offensive against the President's reformist plans.

While the clerics backed away from confrontation this time, the struggle is hardly over. Hard-liners include influential Tehran merchants as well as the mullahs in the holy city of Qum, and they still control the Majlis, or parliament, as well as the powerful Islamic judicial system, the military and the police. In Khamenei they have a leader invested with the constitutional right of absolute rule, granted to Iran's most distinguished Shi'ite Muslim clergyman, whom even a democratically elected President cannot easily challenge.

Nevertheless, Khatami has been trying to whittle away at the clerics' power and gradually relax the strictures of Iran's 19-year-old revolution. In a January interview, he called on "the great American people" to overcome misunderstandings, suggesting that Iran would like to ease its estrange-

ment from the West. He has granted more freedom to the press; his aides speak of civil liberties; and his government has successfully pushed a parliamentary proposal to weaken the power of the Council of Guardians, a 12-member body controlled by Khamenei that routinely disqualifies opposition candidates to manipulate election outcomes. Even though Khatami's tangible accomplishments are few, the young people and women who voted overwhelmingly for him last year stick by their fervent support.

Few of the President's allies represented the new ways better than Mayor Karabashi. He has brought order and civility to the chaotic capital of 10 million, untangling traffic, lacing the city with green parks and transforming a slum into an amusement park.

All this sparked intense nervousness among hard-line clerics. The President's opponents thought they had an easy target in Karabashi when a probe into city hall corruption yielded several graft cases. By convicting the popular mayor of embezzlement and mismanagement, the conservatives hoped also to eliminate the brilliant campaign strategist behind Khatami's electoral victory. With Karabashi in jail, conservatives thought they might have a better chance of maintaining control of the Majlis in the 2000 elections and defeating Khatami in the 2001 presidential race.

But they seem to have badly underestimated Karabashi's popularity and Khatami's determination to fight back. The government quickly condemned the arrest and put out word that it might begin a tit-for-tat investigation of corruption in conservative quarters. Other politicians spoke out, including parliament member Faezeh Hashemi, daughter of former President Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, who called Karabashi's arrest "a blow to democracy."

The mayor was freed from detention just a few days after Ayatollah Khamenei summoned the President and his hard-line foes to a meeting to defuse the crisis.

Even if the mayor's trial still goes ahead as scheduled in a few weeks, last week's street show may have given Khatami a crucial boost by serving notice that Iran's reformers will not be intimidated. "The President understands that reform is not a short-term project," says a Khatami adviser. "He knows the realities. His long-term plan is gaining power step by step." But it seems unlikely that Iran's zealous clerics will easily give way to any moderating revolution in progress. ■



THE MAYOR: "I am only a small servant"

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FINANCIAL
SERVICES
COMPANY



MERGED: Citicorp's John Reed and Travelers' Sanford Walli opened the door. John McCoy of Banc One and Verno Istock of First Chicago followed

BANK



APRIL 13
BANC ONE
AND FIRST
CHICAGO
NBD CORP.
ANNOUNCE A
\$30 BILLION
MERGER

B U S I N E S S

THE BIG BANK THEORY

AND WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT THE FUTURE OF MONEY

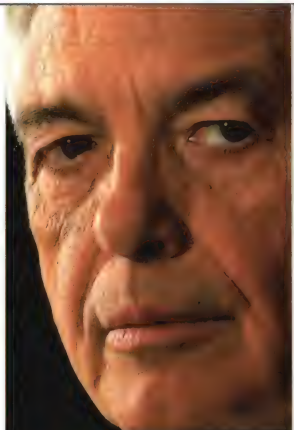
By JOSHUA COOPER RAMO

HUGH MCCOLL IS WHAT SOUTHERNERS call "a firecracker of a man." He is a tiny stick of dynamite: 5 ft. 6½ in. tall, with a big mouth and a short fuse. Once, deep into a negotiation to grab a billion-dollar bank, he waited for words until an idea materialized somewhere out of that Marine

Corps (1957-59) mind, and he unloaded over the phone at the poor gentleman on the other end: "My board is meeting, and we've gone too far. I've got to launch my missiles!" (The not-so-gentlemanly reply, reported later in the press: "Go the hell back to North Carolina.") McColl never fit with the other good ole boys sitting around Charlotte in the 1960s, talking about how they were going to get rich, what they were going to do with all their money. McColl—who worked for a bank!—didn't talk about money at all.

He talked about power.

These days he has plenty of both. In the past 10 years, as international banks have struggled with competitors from American Express to America Online, McColl has engineered a kind of banking miracle in homey Charlotte, a *deus ex machina* where the *machina* is his very own NationsBank automated-teller machines, and the



APRIL 13
NATIONSBANK AND BANKAMERICA TEAM UP IN A \$60 BILLION DEAL THAT WOULD CREATE THE NATION'S LARGEST BANK



NATIONSBANK DEAL: McColl and BankAmerica CEO Coulter unveil the plan

AS BANKS HAVE GROWN ...

America's largest

BANK	ASSETS*
Citicorp-Travelers	\$697.5 billion
NationsBank-BankAmerica	\$572.2 billion
Chase Manhattan Corp.	\$365.6 billion
J.P. Morgan & Co.	\$262.2 billion
Banc One-First Chicago	\$230.0 billion

The world's largest

BANK	ASSETS
Citicorp-Travelers	\$697.5 billion
Bank of Tokyo-Mitsubishi	\$648.2 billion
Swiss Bank-UBS	\$595.3 billion
Deutsche Bank	\$575.1 billion
NationsBank-BankAmerica	\$572.2 billion

*Includes nonbank assets (Citicorp has \$400 billion and BankAmerica has about \$30 billion)

Source: American Banker

deus wears cowboy boots. Last week McColl announced the boldest deal yet: a plan to merge NationsBank with California-based BankAmerica to create a golden Godzilla with deposits of \$346 billion. On Wall Street, where financial stocks have sizzled this year, the marriage was greeted with huge plaudits. On Main Street, average customers (the combined bank will have millions of them) worried about what this would mean for their accounts. And in Charlotte? McColl wasn't talking, having unloaded the big news in New York City early in the week. But from his 50th-floor office, he was surely reflecting on the inescapable truth and beauty of the First Law of Godzilla: Size does matter.

To be fair, McColl isn't the only one to have figured this out. The past month has been peppered with the kind of earthmoving financial deals that would have seemed impossible a decade ago. On the same day last week that the BankAmerica-NationsBank deal was announced, Banc One chairman John B. McCoy (who once mused that in the future the industry would have just five or six major banks) announced plans to merge his \$116 billion bank with the much merged \$115 billion First Chicago NBD Corp. All this came just a week after insurance and brokerage giant Travelers Group announced plans to tie the knot

with Citicorp, the second largest bank in the U.S.—a \$76 billion marriage, not just of services but of two industry titans: Sanford Weill, who emerged from a messenger job at Bear Stearns to conquer Wall Street; and John Reed, the no-compromises Citibanker who manhandled his firm back from the edge of insolvency in the late 1980s. Suddenly the world of finance began to look less like the Norman Rockwell thrifts that built the great American economy and more like a Picasso impression of finance, all whirling shapes and color and noise.

LIKE THE FINEST PICASSO PAINTINGS, the collision of these financial giants hints at a deeper, more complex revolution. The neat little boxes in which we store our finances—mortgage, cash, savings, and so on—are being subdivided in a million ways. Soon you won't recognize them individually. For instance, all your assets could be wrapped into a wealth account that is constantly on the prowl for investing opportunity worldwide.

Cash is already headed for a whole new dimension. MasterCard, for example, has invested millions in the development of an E-cash system called Mondex. Smart Mondex cards have tiny embedded

microchips that can store not only electronic dollars but also five other types of currency, an abbreviated medical history and even a personalized electronic "key" that can open everything from your apartment to your office. Says Henry Mundt, MasterCard executive vice president for global access: "The chip that we are putting on the card now will form the platform for the ultimate in remote access for consumers to their funds, anytime, anywhere. What we really see happening in the future is consumers being able to design their cards to meet their individual needs. We refer to that as moving more toward life-style cards." E-cash is already everywhere, from highway tolls to subways. Security? Privacy? The second is more troublesome than the first and presents a fearsome scenario for crime-busters and tax collectors alike.

In just two decades we've gone from a world of simple mortgages and passbook savings to a universe of Roth IRAs, 401(k) plans, personal-risk-management scenarios and collateralized-mortgage obligations. Years ago, some genius figured out that mutual funds might save investors the hassle of choosing among thousands of stocks. Yet today there are 7,000 mutual funds, almost as many funds as there are stocks. And more technology just means more change. Says investment banker



TECHNOLOGY AND FINANCE HAVE BE C



COME ONE AND THE SAME

FORGET THE TOASTER: Citi's new branch has terminals, not tellers

David Shaw: "The whole financial industry will likely be turned upside down, with shrinkage in some areas and perhaps some outright failures among those firms that are unable to use technology effectively."

At the center of this new world is a conflict between consolidation and disintermediation (a word that sounds like a tropical disease but means the removal of intermediaries, such as banks, from financial transactions). The disintermediation camp—led by software firms like Microsoft and Intuit—believes that the future will belong to companies that master the technology of this new era, firms that give investors subatomic-level control over their finances with sophisticated products that balance risk and reward, cost and value. The opposite camp—led by McColl and others—argues that the future belongs to huge financial institutions that will package investments and provide investors with cradle-to-grave services: everything from insurance to car loans to airplane tickets.

It is not an either/or proposition: McColl and company recognize that technology is their business and size is poor insulation from change (just ask Japanese banks, among the world's largest, now immobilized by bad debt, weak management and a stunted economy). The future lies in being both nimble and smart. "We have a lot of competition these days, even from

people like Microsoft," said McColl recently, revving up his engines. "Software is becoming everything."

And, sure enough, one of the selling points of these megadeals is the idea that smart software will reshape the relationship between banks and customers. In a nonstop tango of bits and bills, the computers at the new Citigroup or at BankAmerica will zip through accounts looking for better ways to make money for both you and the bank. And the banks will use that efficiency to lever into the most profitable parts of the financial world: investment banking, stock underwriting and insurance.

Those that don't will be casualties. McColl (who gives crystal hand grenades to prized employees) understood early on that one day banking was going to be like war. Call it *semper finance*. Says David Chaum, the visionary guru behind Digi-Cash, a Net-based currency: "What you find in retail banking today is that some banks see themselves as acquirers, and others see themselves as, well, acquires." On the day the Travelers deal was announced—creating a giant with \$42 billion in equity—vice presidents at still independent Goldman Sachs nervously fingered their E-mail with questions about when the famously private firm might seek a public offering to raise more cash in order to boost its size. Technology and deregula-

... THEIR TARGETS HAVE CHANGED



Superbanks

WHOM THEY SERVE a wide range of customers and corporate clients

WHAT THEY OFFER in the future, pretty much everything from life insurance to stock underwriting to mutual funds

THE TREND mergers will thin their numbers but will increase client geography and range of services

Community Banks

WHOM THEY SERVE local individuals and companies



WHAT THEY OFFER consumer and business lending, home and auto financing, credit cards

THE TREND over the past decade, S&Ls took a big hit, but they and other small banks should make a comeback as small businesses and accounts leave big banks

Credit Unions



WHOM THEY SERVE only members—employees of a union or specialized group

WHAT THEY OFFER traditional banking services, credit cards, etc.

THE TREND though only a small segment of the banking industry, credit unions have grown steadily, with 70 million customers in the U.S. and \$316 billion in assets

Pawnshops and Check Cashing



WHOM THEY SERVE nonbank customers

WHAT THEY OFFER check-cashing for a fee; pawnbrokers offer cash for collateral, with annual interest rates ranging from 24% to 240%

THE TREND industry has doubled since the mid-'80s. Pawnshops alone extend more than \$9 billion in credit annually



BUSINESS

tion have—even for a firm with profits north of \$3 billion—turned the competitive heat way, way up. “In five years this firm may be run by a software guy,” Goldman CEO Jon Corzine once mused to *TIME*. A geek at the helm of Goldman? Goodness.

There are few permanent rules in the world of finance—maybe only one: make money—and even those are starting to come unbuttoned. In the past 10 years, decades of regulations—such as the Glass-Steagall Act, passed in the Depression to help limit risk following a banking-system failure—have been all but abandoned, a testament to the fact that all markets move on—and none faster than money markets. The last time this happened was in 1982, when the Garn-St. Germain Act repealed old regulations and allowed savings and loans to graze for investments in areas like real estate and mineral development. The result was an unmitigated disaster, with taxpayers getting stuck with a \$500 billion mess.

What are the risks associated with a brave new world of Cayman Island trust funds and retirement accounts built on leverage? No one yet knows. But some suspect, Sholom Rosen, vice president of emerging technologies at Citibank, has

what may be the perfect mantra: “It’s definitely new, it’s revolutionary—and we should be scared as hell.”

The fundamental idea driving this revolution is that technology and finance have become one and the same. As William Niskanen, chairman of the Washington-based CATO Institute, puts it, “The distinction between software and money is disappearing.” And nowhere is that truer than in the world of cold, hard cash.

PAPER MONEY IS, IN ITS WAY, amazing stuff. It is, for instance, easily transferable and widely accepted. You can pay the baby sitter without even thinking about the complex financial dynamics underlying the transaction. Cash—especially U.S. dollars—is also portable, storable and exchangeable. (Just ask the thousands of Russian mafiosi who pay for nearly everything with crisp \$100 bills.) And it holds up pretty well. If you’re afraid of banks, you can still grab a coffee can, dig a hole in the backyard and have a pretty secure deposit. But paper cash does have some awful drawbacks.

Lose it and it’s gone; sit on it and it may lose its value overnight; think about what just happened in Asia, or earlier in South America.

Enter electronic cash. The idea of digital money is simple enough: instead of storing value on paper, find a way to wrap it in a string of digits that’s more portable and (most important) smarter than its paper counterpart. Smart money? Well, yes. Because digital cash is endlessly mutable, you can control it much more precisely than paper money. Think about the \$2,000 check you send to your daughter at college for expenses. How is that money really spent? Books... or beer? Electronic cash takes that relatively simple transaction—passing an allowance—and makes it into a much more intelligent process. And one that hardly requires something as old-fashioned as a bank.

For starters, you can send the money over the Internet encoded in an E-mail instead of sending a check. This saves you the trouble of balancing the checkbook at the end of the month, and it gives you the option of transferring the money from wherever you want: mutual fund, money market, even an old-fashioned



A single electronic card like this may replace everything in your wallet, including ...



... your cash

PRESENT Still used for most transactions, but being replaced at the margins by stored-value cards, debit cards and other electronic payment forms

FUTURE A cashless society? Never. The stuff is just too handy. But the convenience of digital money is compelling



... your credit cards

PRESENT Short-term loans at high prices. Why do you need so many when one will do?

FUTURE Credit issuers abound, but no need to carry all that plastic

LOOK AROUND. WE'RE ALREADY IMMERSSED IN THE TECHNOLOGY OF THE DIGITAL ECONOMY

GOING CASHLESS: In Guelph, Canada, a town wired for E-money, stored-value cards can be used for small purchases like parking; in New York, commuters save precious minutes with electronic toll payments; commuters in Chicago use cards for train fare



checking account. Your daughter can store the money any way she wants—on her laptop, on a debit card, even (in the not too distant future) on a chip implanted under her skin. And, perhaps best of all, you can program the money to be spent only in specific ways. You might instruct some of the digits to go for books, some for food and some for movies. Unless you pass along a few digits that can be cashed at the local pub, she'll have to find someone else to buy the drinks.

Smart, digital cash may also address some of the other problems of paper money. If you lose your digital cash, for example, you will be able to replace it instantly by asking your computer to invalidate the disappeared digits and replace them with a fresh set. And unlike paper money—which stops earning interest as it shoots out of the ATM slot—smart money can keep earning interest until the moment you spend it.

This "cash-interest phenomenon" may sound trivial, but it's a link to a whole other revolution in finance: the dissolution of the government monopoly on money. After all, if some small bank in Luxembourg or Belize is willing to pay you more inter-

est on your digital cash, who are you to argue? As long as the bank's digits are widely accepted, there is no need to stick with government-issued numbers. Government money will still exist, but so will dozens of other currencies, each tailored to a specific need and endlessly convertible and exchangeable. The best money, in short, will be the smartest money. Says Howard Greenspan, president of Toronto-based Heraclitus Corp., a management consulting firm: "In the electronic city, the final step in the evolution of money is being taken. Money is being demonetized. Money is being eliminated."

Maybe. Digital cash, for all its charms, is still climbing a tough road to acceptance. "Between 40% and 50% of transactions today use cash and checks," says Steve Cone, an executive at Fidelity Investments. "The percentage is going down, but slowly. It's like Chinese water torture." And there are plenty of folks who still like cold cash just fine. Says economist Bruce Skoorka: "Look, every day there's a guy who shows up at a bank in Bogotà with a big box full of cash. You think he wants to travel with a traceable digital-cash card?"

In fact, in the eyes of some digital-cash Pollyannas, one of the great things about traceable, bit-based cash is that it will do away with whole categories of cash-based crime. "Paper money is, I hate to say it, the root of all evil," says DigiCash founder Chaum, who argues that the traceability of electronic cash will mean the end of some types of crime. "What kidnapper would take a ransom payment by check? Once you build the infrastructure for electronic cash, the incremental cost of replacing paper money is small. And the social benefits could be amazing."

But Chaum assumes that these electronic transactions will be traceable—something that's sort of a jump ball in the theory of electronic finance these days. One school of theorists, led by Chaum, argues that electronic cash needs to be "one-way anonymous" so that people transferring money can always see where it goes, while people receiving money won't know where it comes from. This one-way-mirror transfer solves some of the problems of paper money, since it makes it easier to keep track of where money is spent and why. But who really

... your ATM card
PRESENT It accesses cash, debits payments
FUTURE It accesses electronic cash, gets you on the bus or into your house

... your ID cards
PRESENT You lug various bits of your legal identity
FUTURE Non-conspiracials could consolidate pertinent info in one place

... your insurance
PRESENT It's here somewhere. Part of the managed-care torture system
FUTURE Same system, less infuriating paperwork

... and your life
PRESENT Vital—perhaps lifesaving—data, scattered everywhere
FUTURE One card, or one chip, with your life on it

THE FIRST BANK OF REDMOND

OF ALL THE PRODUCT ARENAS MICROSOFT IS STOMPING INTO THESE DAYS, none looks more enticing than financial services, a \$1 trillion-plus industry built on just the sort of slick software at which Bill Gates & Co., um, excel.

Led by its financial-management title, Microsoft Money and its brilliantly realized investment Website, Microsoft Investor (*investor.msn.com*), the company has more than made its mark in home-financial software. But consumer-side successes are just the tip of the Microsoft iceberg, and industry watchers wonder whether giants like Chase and Citi might yet turn into *Titanics*.

Microsoft's initial revenues come from software licensing; the code for the hit travel site Expedia, for instance, will soon fuel sites for American Express and Northwest Airlines, among others. And the financial sector is next. Last week Microsoft unveiled its Investor Platform Kit, which lets banks and brokers put mix-and-match versions of Investor on their own sites.

But the killer app is Microsoft's MSFDC, a software suite created with data-processing giant First Data Corp., that lets consumers pay bills directly on their bank's Website. MSFDC rolls out this fall. It's a big deal. Mike Dusche, Microsoft's manager for worldwide financial services, says MSFDC will help banks navigate the coming online-commerce maelstrom by building closer customer ties. He's right: a product like MSFDC—with, say, Money and Investor along for the ride—will surely help your banker retain your allegiance. "The financial industry is based on transaction processing," says Cliff Condon, a senior analyst with Forrester Research, which estimates Microsoft's financial-services sales at \$1 billion a year. "MSFDC puts Microsoft squarely between banks and their customers."

Location, location, location.

Microsoft's plan to charge merchants for MSFDC on a per-transaction basis is a first for the company—and just the sort of Infobahn-tollbooth scenario that Gates spent years swearing he wouldn't pursue. Then there's Windows DNA FS (Distributed Internet Applications for Financial Services, for those keeping score at home), Microsoft's bid for the banking industry's long-term back-office software business, which looks like one of the biggest cash cows high-tech capitalism has yet to offer.

So, could Gates become the world's de facto banker? "I don't have any interest in bringing Microsoft into that arena," says Dusche. "Frankly, it's a really tough business." But his boss is a really tough businessman. As banking evolves into a competitive, complex business conducted over the Internet, Microsoft software—just as in the PC era—could become ever more valuable even as the products it enables grow ever less so. "I can go online and find hundreds of checking accounts," says Condon. "Microsoft wants to sell more servers and software, not become a financial institution." But Gates could find the insular banking world a tough nut to crack. Well before MSFDC, the industry launched the software consortium Integration as its bulwark against territorial infringement. Today Integration competes with MSFDC even as it licenses Microsoft Money. Microsoft, meanwhile, plays the good citizen, agreeing to abide by the E-commerce software platform that an industry group will release this August. For now, at least, it looks like everyone can just get along.

—By Michael Krantz

wants to leave "money tracks" wherever he goes?

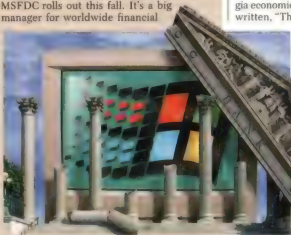
Electronic cash can also be two-way anonymous—totally untraceable and a dream for international criminals. Even old-style tax cheats would be entranced by an anonymity that would allow them to earn income without forking over a chunk to Uncle Sam. And that means re-jiggering the IRS—and quickly. "Digital cash has no boundaries," explains Richard Rahn, president of Novecon Ltd., a technology consulting firm. "The cyber-money revolution makes some forms of tax evasion very easy." And these innovations even call into question the role of the Federal Reserve as arbiter of the nation's money supply. "The more such innovations succeed, the less the public has to rely on central banks as direct sources of exchange media," University of Georgia economics professor George Selgin has written. "This seems to me to be particularly obvious in the case of E-money."


If there is a Magna Carta for this new world of electronic finance, a single document that spells out the terms and scope of the revolution that will shift money power away from central bankers and into the hands of consumers, it could be found in "Financial Markets in 2020," a speech delivered in 1993 by Charles Sanford Jr., then CEO of Bankers Trust, to a

gathering of economics sages in Jackson Hole, Wyo.

Sanford is a complex, brilliant figure in American finance and someone to know if you care to comprehend why your bank just got gobbled up or why your mutual-fund company has begun offering a hundred new ways for you to invest your money. He popularized the notion of risk management, one of the most important ideas in modern finance. He didn't come up with the notion (credit academia), but more than anyone else he helped pioneer a new kind of risk-aware investing that offered a first glimpse of a world of high-wire, high-tech finance. His legacy has touched every American with a home loan, a credit card or a checkbook. And it has not only made consolidators like McColl and Weill possible—it has also made them essential and inevitable.

All investments can be characterized by two variables, in the same way you



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might categorize a person by his hair color and height: risk and reward. They tend to be proportional. If you want more reward, generally it means taking a bigger risk. Home mortgages, for example, are fairly riskless propositions for lenders, but the reward is tiny—perhaps 6% a year in interest payments. On the other hand, lending money to the government of Malaysia is fairly lucrative, but it is not an investment for the faint of heart—the double-digit interest rate brings with it risks of a devaluation, a government coup or an outright default.

The idea was to take all investments—from insurance policies to vacation loans—and break them into tiny packages of risk that could be put into a computer and auctioned on a global network. Different investors, looking to buy different kinds of returns for their money at different times, would step up and buy the various chunks of risk. Because these risk bundles were derived from the underlying investments, they were called derivatives. To explain this new world, Sanford embraced what has come to be known as the theory of particle finance. Just like quantum physics, which involves looking deep inside atoms to understand how the physical world works, Sanford proposed looking deep inside every investment to understand better how markets work.

The idea proved to be hugely popular. By allowing institutions to manage their finances more carefully, derivatives offered the possibility of locking in greater rewards at lower risks. Suddenly what seemed to be the first immutable law of finance—you can't get a bigger reward without a bigger risk—was up for grabs. Alas, derivatives aren't inherently good: Just ask the citizens of Orange County who lost millions of dollars in public money when a derivatives deal blew up in 1994.

But the genie was out of the bottle. Derivatives have changed the rules of the game forever. Average investors who are now pouring money into mutual funds and stocks will soon have access to hun-

dreds of other investment options. Think of the world as a landscape of opportunity—everything from distressed Japanese real estate to Russian oil futures—marketed and packaged by giant banks like BankAmerica or by fund companies like

was a break from everything that came before it. Risk management will do that to finance. It's a total break."

In Sanford's vision of particle finance, every financial asset, from the mortgage you hold on your house to the items you've

charged on your credit card, will become part of a giant, interconnected financial universe. And each piece of your superportfolio, called a wealth account, will be understood not simply as a "stock" or a "bond" but as an instrument designed to match your financial needs with the available options. In the same way a FORTUNE 500 treasurer may use derivatives to balance his or her need for pesos and yen, wealth accounts will precisely balance your demand for investment and consumption. Says Christos Cotsakos, CEO of online brokerage group E*Trade: "The wired household is the ultimate bank." Your checking deposits, for instance, might be programmed to scour an electronic Web looking for interest-bearing investments overnight while you sleep. If a Turkish real estate developer needs to use the money for a few hours while you doze (and is willing to pay you for the privilege), your wealth account will be smart enough to decide if that's a risk you'd be willing to take in exchange for the reward and then, if it is, to lock in the deal.

These smoothly integrated accounts will make old "classical" transactions—like getting a loan or buying stocks—as charming and irrelevant as classical notions that the sun orbits the earth. Because the system will constantly monitor your net worth, you'll be able to draw instantly on assets in one area to create liabilities in another. These computer-run accounts will factor in everything from the weather to the age of your children in plotting out your future demands. "Yesterday's income and today's wealth will always be known with a high degree of confidence," Sanford predicted in his 1993 speech. "Wealth accounts will be instantly tapped via 'wealth cards.' For example, you will be able to

They're Changing Money



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Chief Investment Officer,
Pareto Partners

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Charles Sanford Jr.

Retired Chairman,
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David Shaw

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POWER BASE Shaw's supersecret firm attracts only the richest, savviest investors

GEEK FACTOR The high-end software Shaw uses to manage money may be the world's best



Fidelity Investments and the Vanguard Group. "This is like the automobile's coming," says Sanford. "We'd always had transportation—people walked, eventually they rode donkeys—but the automobile

IS BIGGER REALLY BETTER?

BANK ON THIS: IF RECENT MERGERS SERVE AS A GUIDE TO THE FUTURE, THE brave new world of financial services means higher costs for consumers, at least initially. The banking industry has rolled up six straight years of record profits, fed by massive consolidations and the application of new technologies. The industry's net income hit \$59.2 billion last year, up 13% from 1996, with fewer but larger institutions. According to the FDIC, last year 599 bank mergers took place, reducing the number of banks to 9,143 from nearly 14,000 just 10 years earlier.

The process of consolidation, as the banks love to point out, creates cost saving. But several studies show that, if anything, the banks have pocketed whatever value they've sprung loose. And new and higher fees have been introduced as banks merge and branches close. Noninterest service fees—for bounced checks, certified checks, etc.—now account for a third of industry profits, totaling \$18.5 billion. Last year a report by the U.S. Public Interest Group (USPIRG) found that consumers paid 15% more to maintain a regular checking account at a big bank than at a small bank. Similar results were found by a Federal Reserve report to Congress last June. "Merger mania is making the fee-gouging big banks even bigger," complains Ed Mierzewski, consumer program director for USPIRG. "Fewer and bigger banks mean consumers face fewer choices, less competition and even higher fees."

The banks tend to view technology as a profit center. San Francisco-based Wells Fargo offers a checking account that, after an allotted three free calls, charges customers 50¢ to use its automated-voice-response telephone lines or \$1.50 to speak to an agent to shift funds or ask questions. In a study of 470 banks released this month, USPIRG reported a rapid increase in the number of banks that impose a surcharge on noncustomers using their ATMs. Furthermore, bigger banks surcharge more often, and these fees average \$1.35 more than small-bank surcharges.

Consider First Chicago, which encourages those with Self-Service checking accounts to use ATMs by charging \$3 for a visit to a live teller for some transactions. First Chicago announced a merger last week with Banc One Corp. Banc One, based in Columbus, Ohio, does business in 12 states and charges account holders if they use one of its own Rapid Cash Machines. "[The banks] say these mergers create efficiencies," says Mary Griffin of Consumers Union. "But with the efficiencies there is a dis-economy of scale, which costs consumers more." In other words, it costs to save. That's one reason why many consumers now "bank" at the growing number of check-cashing services, where they can pay bills, and at pawnshops. "Over 12 million families already can't afford to bank," says Mierzewski. "Mergers just exacerbate that problem."

Not everyone disparages mergers. Community banks have become a sanctuary for small businesses and customers who can't afford the big banks. David Williams, chairman of Hale County State Bank in Plainview, Texas, has seen his deposits increase and his loan applications rise 30% in the past 18 months as two area banks were gobbled up. Lesson: you can move your account. But beware, your bank will probably charge you for that too.

—By Stacy Perman



LOOSE CHANGE: Banks are raking in record profits, and customers are paying higher fees

pay for your sports car by instantly drawing on part of the wealth inherent in your vacation house." Finance, suddenly packed with microchips, could become a banker-free zone. Hence the drive of McColl, who is responding to an immutable merger of the laws of finance and the laws of modern business: reinvent yourself or die.

Of course, all this has risks of its own. Do you really want the banks running high-tech experiments with your money? One of the ideas behind these new superbanks is that with large customer bases they will be able to offer infinitely complex (and incredibly efficient) wealth accounts to the average investor. But taking complex finance out of the hands of Wall Street rocket scientists and putting it into the hands of consumers or even inexperienced bankers is hardly a riskless activity. "Banks have been making less and less money from traditional lines of business," says Douglas Gale, an economics professor at New York University who is considered a leading thinker about next-generation finance. "What they have found lucrative is designing derivatives. But if you're using derivatives and you don't understand the technology or you don't know what you're doing, there is a real danger here. It's like letting a child play with a nuclear reactor."

In fact, the China Syndrome aspect of all this interconnected finance is among its most worrisome features. What if the whole interconnected computer network crashes? (Hell, what if just your part does?) What if a hacker breaks in at the wrong place? What if the bank "blows up," as Baring's PLC did in 1995 after 28-year-old Nicholas Leeson bet the house and lost? Industry insiders—the folks who have designed the systems—argue that the infrastructure they have built is secure enough to survive any tampering and that the markets themselves will factor in the risks of rogue or inexperienced traders. "There is no chance that a money market will fail and threaten the underpinnings of the system," says Cone of Fidelity Investments. This new electronic world challenges everything we thought we knew about finance, but maybe not what we know about economics. Will a high-speed global economy put an end to the

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boom and bust of the business cycle, or will it create dangerous interlinkages across borders, where a bad year for the Mexican economy, say, might accidentally trigger a global depression?

But the risks of the new system do point up the problems of trying to regulate such a quickly changing world. In the week after their deal, Weill and Reed tipped their hats toward Washington, but it was just a courtesy. Banking, everyone seems to have acknowledged, has entered an era that may be larger than old-fashioned laws. Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan, for one, has abandoned the notion that it is possible to regulate this broad frontier with old-style rules. The burden, he says, has to rest with private industry: Regulate yourselves. "To continue to be effective, government's regulatory role must increasingly assure that effective risk-management systems are in place in the private sector," he observed in a 1996 paper. "As financial systems become more complex, detailed rules and standards have become both burdensome and ineffective." In fact, many governments are competing with one another to see who can offer the fewest regulations. And the money is following right along. Economist Skoorka calls this regulatory arbitrage—the flight of money from highly regulated markets to barely regulated ones.

Such laissez-faire battles delight men like "Missiles" McColl. If cyberspace really is the final frontier of finance, why not let it regulate itself, with a kind of frontier justice meted out by the market? And as these superbanks battle to survive against the Microsofts of the world—a battle in which the outcome is still anything but certain—the Wild West promises to get even wilder.

Consumers might find this terrifying, but the superbankers love it. Because their gigantic banks are "too large to fail," firms like the new BankAmerica and Citicorp will offer the safest possible havens for investors—safer, perhaps, than even government-printed money. In the end, what the *semper financiers* are after is not just new customers or new deposits but a kind of business immortality ensured by their gargantuan size and guaranteed by their killer technology. E-cash, wealth accounts and consumer derivatives will have made these firms as essential as cash itself once was. If business immortality can be purchased, these are the people who will figure out how to finance it. And they will be doing so with your money.

—With reporting by

Bernard Baumohl, Edward Barnes and William Dowell/New York and Patrick E. Cole/Los Angeles

MONEY IN MOTION

Daniel Kadlec

The Banks Vault

Bank stocks are high, but this merger mania has legs

SO THE FEEDING FRENZY FOR BANKS FINALLY CAUGHT YOUR ATTENTION. All it took was the two biggest bank deals ever, within a week of history's biggest deal of any kind—also involving a bank. If you're just now planning to invest around this craze, hello, you're late. Very late. But all good manias last longer than they should, and this one probably will too. If you are not put off by sky-high valuations or a possible turn for the worse in the banking cycle, yes, you may yet crack open the vault with bank stocks.


Understand, though, that the easy money (if there really is such a thing) has already been made. Banks have been buying other banks for decades, and while it hasn't always been a joyride, since their low ebb in 1990 bank stocks have risen nearly twice as fast as the average stock, which itself has risen nearly twice as fast as the historical norm. They've jumped over Standard & Poor's 500 every year since 1994, according to David Berry, research director at Keefe Bruyette & Woods, an investment firm specializing in banks. The outsize gains this decade have left bank stocks looking plenty expensive. Based on estimated 1998 earnings, and relative to the S&P 500, stock prices for 24 major banks that Berry tracks are at their highest levels in 20 years. That

leaves them vulnerable to a turn in the economy. And because so much of the stocks' fluff reflects hopes for a takeover, if the pace of bank deals slows for any reason, the stocks could get hit.

Still, the recent mergers of Citicorp with Travelers, NationsBank with BankAmerica, and Bank One with First Chicago show that the push for bigness remains intense. Just about everyone expects a handful of not-quite-ready-for-prime-time banks—Mellon Bank, Wells Fargo, Norwest, Fleet Financial and others—to be bought or to find partners themselves. Meanwhile, those same banks, and many middle-size ones too, sport prices inflated by specu-

PRIME TARGETS

Large banks that Wall Street believes will merge or be bought



	Friday close	52-week high/low	12-month % change
Norwest	42%	22%-43%	84%
Mellon Bank	69%	36%-73%	81%
U.S. Bancorp	129%	71-129%	80%
SunTrust	81%	45%-80%	72%
Keycorp	41%	24%-44%	66%
Wachovia	89	54%-90%	60%
PNC Bank	62%	38%-66%	60%
Fleet Financial	89%	56%-90%	54%
Wells Fargo	375%	245-375	50%
S&P 500			46.5%

TRM graphics by Steve Hart

lation. Their high stock prices give them currency to shop for smaller prey of their own. Fertile deal territory, for sure.

How do you get involved? You could buy the perceived targets, hoping for a takeover at a fat premium. But if no deal surfaces, you're sunk. Besides, the latest deals have been "mergers of equals," which allow two banks of similar size to hook up without one paying a big premium for the other. Shareholders still get a (more modest) pop, but in both stocks, not just the target's. So you can do well owning the buying bank—say, a NationsBank, First Union or Chase Manhattan. In many cases, that will be the better long-term investment anyway. But I'd also consider simply plunking some money in a well-run regional bank-stock mutual fund like Fidelity's or John Hancock's. Both are up more than 55% in the past 12 months. There are still some 9,100 banks out there. A fund gives you broad exposure to the deal mania that has been lifting the industry for years.

Daniel Kadlec is TIME's Wall Street columnist. Reach him at kadlec@time.com

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THE PERSONALITY GENES

Does DNA shape behavior? A leading researcher's behavior is a case in point

By J. MADELINE NASH

MOLECULAR BIOLOGIST DEAN HAMER HAS blue eyes, light brown hair and the goofy sense of humor of a stand-up comic. He smokes cigarettes, spends long hours in a cluttered laboratory at the National Institutes of Health, and in his free time clammers up cliffs and points his skis down steep, avalanche-prone slopes. He also happens to be openly, matter-of-factly gay.

What is it that makes Hamer who he is? What, for that matter, accounts for the quirks and foibles, talents and traits that make up anyone's personality? Hamer is not content merely to ask

such questions; he is trying to answer them as well. A pioneer in the field of molecular psychology, Hamer is exploring the role genes play in governing the very core of our individuality. To a remarkable extent, his work on what might be called the gay, thrill-seeking and quit-smoking genes reflects his own genetic predispositions.

That work, which has appeared mostly in scientific journals, has been gathered into an accessible and quite readable form in Hamer's provocative new book, *Living with Our Genes* (Doubleday; \$24.95). "You have about as much choice in some aspects of your personality," Hamer and co-author Peter Copeland write in the introductory chapter, "as you do in the shape of your nose or the size of your feet."

Until recently, research into behavioral genetics was dominated by psychiatrists and psychologists, who based their most compelling conclusions about the importance of genes on studies of identical twins. For example, psychologist Michael Bailey of Northwestern University famously demonstrated that if one identical twin is gay, there is about a 50% likelihood that the other will be too. Seven years ago, Hamer picked up where the twin studies left off, homing in on specific strips of DNA that appear to influence everything from mood to sexual orientation.

Hamer switched to behavioral genetics from basic research; after receiving his Ph.D. from Harvard, he spent more than a decade studying the biochemistry of

metallothionein, a protein that cells use to metabolize heavy metals like copper and zinc. As he was about to turn 40, however, Hamer suddenly realized he had learned as much about metallothionein as he cared to. "Frankly, I was bored," he remembers, "and ready for something new."

Instrumental in Hamer's decision to switch fields was Charles Darwin's *The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex*. "I was fascinated to learn that Darwin seemed so convinced that behavior was partially inherited," he remembers, "even though when he was writing, genes had not been discovered, let alone DNA." Homosexual behavior, in particular, seemed ripe for exploration because few scientists had dared tackle such an emotionally and polit-



GENE HUNTER: Surprisingly, Hamer hasn't tested his own DNA—and he probably won't

Nature or Nurture?

Many aspects of personality may have a genetic component—such as sexual orientation, anxiety, a tendency to take chances and ...

IMPULSIVENESS



OPENNESS





PHOTO BY GARY W. HANCOCK FOR ENR

Hamer's lab helped pinpoint another gene, this time on chromosome 17, that appears to play a role in regulating anxiety.

Unlike the genes that are responsible for physical traits, Hamer emphasizes, these genes do not cause people to become homosexuals, thrill-seeking rock climbers or anxiety-ridden worrywarts. The biology of personality is much more complicated than that. Rather, what genes appear to do, says Hamer, is subtly bias the psyche so that different individuals react to similar experiences in surprisingly different ways.

Intriguing as these findings are, other experts caution that none has been unequivocally replicated by other research teams. Why? One possibility is that, despite all of Hamer's work, the links between these genes and these particular personality traits do not, in fact, exist. There is, however, another, more tantalizing possibility. Consider the genes that give tomatoes their flavor, suggests Hamer's colleague, Dr. Dennis Murphy of the National Institute of Mental Health. Even a simple trait like acidity is controlled not by a single gene but by as many as 30 that operate in concert. In the same way, he speculates, many genes are involved in setting up temperamental traits and psychological vulnerabilities; each gene contributes just a little bit to the overall effect.

Hunting down the genes that influence personality remains a dauntingly difficult business. Although DNA is constructed out of a mere four chemicals—adenine, guanine, cytosine, thymine—it can take as many as a million combinations to spell out a single human gene. Most of these genes vary from individual to individual by only one chemical letter in a thousand, and it is precisely these minute differences that Hamer and his colleagues are trying to identify. Of particular interest are variations that may affect the operation of such brain chemicals as dopamine and serotonin, which are well-known modulators of mood. The so-called novelty-seeking gene, for example, is thought to affect how efficiently nerve cells absorb dopamine. The so-called anxiety gene is postulated to affect serotonin's action.

How can this be? After all, as Hamer and Copeland observe in their book, "... genes are not switches that say 'shy' or 'outgoing' or 'happy' or 'sad.' Genes are simply chemicals that direct the combination of more chemicals." What genes do is

order up the production of proteins in organs like the kidney, the skin and also the brain. Thus, Hamer speculates, one version of the novelty-seeking gene may make a protein that is less efficient at absorbing dopamine. Since dopamine is the chemical that creates sensations of pleasure in response to intense experiences, people who inherit this gene might seek to stimulate its production by seeking out thrills.

Still, as critics emphasize and Hamer himself acknowledges, genes alone do not control the chemistry of the brain. Ultimately, it is the environment that determines how these genes will express themselves. In another setting, for example, it is easy to imagine that Hamer might have become a high school dropout rather than a scientist. For while he grew up in an affluent household in Montclair, N.J., he was hardly a model child. "Today," he chuckles, "I probably would have been diagnosed with attention-deficit disorder and put on Ritalin." In his senior year in high school, though, Hamer discovered organic chemistry and went from being an unruly adolescent to a first-rate student. What people are born with, Hamer says, are temperamental traits. What they can acquire through experience is the ability to control these traits by exercising that intangible part of personality called character.

Over the coming decade, Hamer predicts, scientists will identify thousands of genes that directly and indirectly influence behavior. A peek inside the locked freezer in the hallway outside his own lab reveals a rapidly expanding stash of plastic tubes that contain DNA samples from more than 1,760 volunteers. Among them: gay men and their heterosexual brothers, a random assortment of novelty seekers and novelty avoiders, shy children and now a growing collection of cigarette smokers.

Indeed, while Hamer has maintained a professional distance from his studies, it is impossible to believe he is not also driven by a desire for self-discovery. Soon, in fact, his lab will publish a paper about a gene that makes it harder or easier for people to stop smoking. Judging by the pack of cigarettes poking out of his shirt pocket, Hamer would seem to have drawn the wrong end of that genetic stick. He has tried to stop smoking and failed, he confesses, dozens of times. "If I quit," he says, "it will be an exercise of character. And not, it goes without saying, of his genes."

PHOTO BY GARY W. HANCOCK FOR ENR

ically charged subject. "I'm gay," Hamer says with a shrug, "but that was not a major motivation. It was more of a question of intellectual curiosity—and the fact that no one else was doing this sort of research."

The results of Hamer's first foray into behavioral genetics, published by the journal *Science* in 1993, ignited a furor that has yet to die down. According to Hamer and his colleagues, male homosexuality appeared to be linked to a stretch of DNA at the very tip of the X chromosome, the chromosome men inherit from their mothers. Three years later, in 1996, Hamer and his collaborators at NIH seconded an Israeli group's finding that linked a gene on chromosome 11 to the personality trait psychologists call novelty seeking. That same year

CONSERVATISM



HOSTILITY



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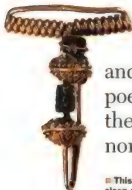


■ The sculpted heads of women, rams and lions on this ritual cup may represent "the Great Goddess"



■ Originally attached to a garment, these gold and gilt appliques bear the faces of deities and other figures

THRACE'S GOLD



A rare look at the buried treasures—and lost culture—of the poets and warriors from the mountainous land north of ancient Greece

■ This 2nd century B.C. gold-and-enamel fibula, or clasp pin, resembles those found in Celtic graves



ness, these silver-
vases of Greek gods



■ A horse's cheekpiece shows an armor-clad hero spearing a bear; at his feet is the body of a wolf



■ Some 3,500 years ago, this finely crafted vessel may have been used to mix a sacred libation

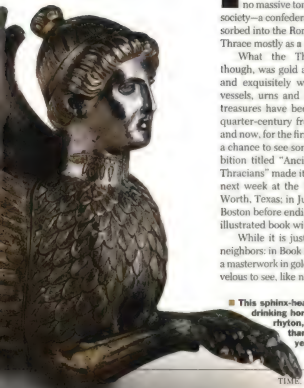
By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

IN THE DOZEN OR SO CENTURIES BEFORE THE BIRTH OF CHRIST, THE LANDS SURROUNDING THE Mediterranean were bursting with civilization. Pharaohs reigned over Egypt to the south, the empires of Mesopotamia flourished to the east, and the Greeks dominated the Aegean to the north. But just a bit farther north still, another, more enigmatic people ruled the Balkans, where Bulgaria, Serbia, Romania, Hungary and Ukraine now lie. Known as the Thracians, they left no temples, no great monuments, no massive tombs. They didn't even have a written language; the only accounts of their society—a confederation of tribes that never achieved true political unity and was finally absorbed into the Roman Empire in 45 B.C.—come from the Greeks and Romans, who knew Thrace mostly as a land of poets and warriors.

What the Thracians did leave behind, though, was gold and silver by the ton, expertly and exquisitely worked into jewelry, drinking vessels, urns and other objects. Many of these treasures have been recovered during the past quarter-century from digs all over the Balkans, and now, for the first time, people in the U.S. have a chance to see some of them firsthand. An exhibition titled "Ancient Gold: The Wealth of the Thracians" made its debut in St. Louis and opens next week at the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth, Texas; in July it will travel to San Francisco, New Orleans, Memphis, Tenn., and Boston before ending up in Detroit in June 1999. And for those who can't make it, a lushly illustrated book with the same title (Abrams; \$49.50) is a magnificent substitute.

While it is just being rediscovered, Thrace's craftsmanship was well known to its neighbors: in Book X of the *Iliad*, Homer writes of the Thracian King Rhesos: "His chariot is a masterwork in gold and silver, and the armor, huge and golden, brought by him here is marvelous to see, like no war-gear of men but of immortals." But these are more than gorgeous works of art. The elaborate figures depicted by and on these objects, and the stylistic themes they reflect, give historians their first direct window onto Thracian society, commerce, religion and, in at least one bawdy appliqué depicting copulating newlyweds, sexuality. Poets and warriors, indeed! ■

■ This sphinx-headed drinking horn, or rhyton, is more than 2,300 years old



No Pain, No Sweat

An old discipline takes the gym crowd by storm after other methods fail

By TAMALA M. EDWARDS NEW YORK

KYM BASSETT CONSIDERS HERSELF AN expert in gym fads. She has taken orders from aerobic Step Nazis; she has pumped iron with the manly men. She ran like a rat on a treadmill and searched for Nirvana in yoga. Very little about her body changed over seven years, mostly because she seasawed from five-day-a-week workouts to none at all. Last November the Manhattan jewelry designer noticed a story about Pilates, a regimen based on stretching exercises. "I had no idea how to even pronounce it," says Bassett of her impulsive call to make an appointment. (It's Puh-lah-tees.) "I just knew I was fed up."

Now Bassett, 24, is coached twice a week on exotic machines with names like the Reformer—and the benefits she describes sound miraculous. Two hours of work with no sweat has allowed her to drop from a size 10 to a size 8, sometimes 6. Her stomach has been whittled;

her hips have slimmed; she has the posture and lanky gait of a dancer. What she doesn't have is a diet, and her workout shoes—Pilates calls for socks only—sit in her closet, dusty. She's lost nearly 10 lbs. "People say to me, 'You look thinner,'" she marvels. "And I'm thinking, But I had that huge piece of chocolate cake last night."

With the fitness boom of the 1980s, healthy living became associated with noticeable muscles and no-pain, no-gain workouts. But if anything ever represented the Zen '90s, it's Pilates and the less-is-more body. "I used to look like Sylvester Stallone. People stared," clucks actress Sonia Braga, who's now keeping company with Pilates devotees like Madonna, Vanessa Williams and Sharon Stone. "What Pilates does is strengthen and elongate." Practitioners claim they double-cross genetics, getting fabulous bodies and feeling better with



HANGING OUT: Trainer Alycea Ungaro supervises a client learning what stretch really means

whiz-bang workouts that fit their hectic schedules. The number of Pilates studios has grown from just five worldwide in 1976 to 500 in the U.S. alone today; businesses that make the equipment report exponential growth in sales. Major gym chains have begun offering the floor-exercise portion of the method. One complaint is that the demand is outstripping the availability of teachers. The other is that this has got to be too good to be true.

Pilates has a long history. It was developed by Joseph Pilates, a German boxer, at the turn of the century. A sickly child, he obsessed about the perfect body, something to combine the physique of the ancient Greeks with the meditative

strength of the East. The result was 500 exercises requiring intense concentration and centered mainly on a strong abdomen, as well as deep stretching. "This is your powerhouse," says Pilates master teacher Romana Kryzanowska, 75, her hand on her stomach. "With that you can do this": her right leg scissors into a kick that would make a Rockette cry, with her poodle Bijuox nestled nonchalantly in her left arm.

The exercises first became known among athletes for their ability to heal injuries. In the 1950s such dancers as George Balanchine and Martha Graham became devotees. After a brief public boom in the 1970s, the system went back to the ballerinas. But in the past few years the exercise has begun to break through, in large part because of celebrity hype. "I always want to be doing what Madonna is doing," cracks author Jennifer Belle.

What Madonna is doing is this: for an hour an instructor leads a client through a volley of positions, both on the floor and on machines with names like the Cadillac and the Barrel. Repetitions are low, but concentration is intense. The stomach and butt squeeze, the legs and arms reach. Pilates promises that you'll feel better in 10 visits, look better in 20 and have a new body in 30. Those who try it say it's true. "I'm naked and standing in front of the mirror," reports Belle, who's done Pilates for a year. "My stomach is tighter. The butt is higher and firmer. I'm more streamlined now."

The mostly female clients say the exercises make them feel better, stronger, more in control, less prone to injury—the opposite of their gym visits, which left them wiped out. "I like to do this in the morning because it gives me so much energy," says Alison Brown, 33, a Los Angeles student. The focus means they get a vacation from the stress of the outside world; the lack of sweat and panting makes it easier for them to rush back to it. "Most of my clients are working women with children," says Atlanta studio owner Penelope Wyer.

Lisa Hufcut, director of New York Sports Clubs, the largest chain in the city, says that two weeks ago, a Pilates class got so full that she had to take reservations and move to a bigger room. Still, she's skeptical about claims that the system is magical: "If that were the case, we'd close down our gyms and open Pilates studios." David Barton, Manhattan celebrity-gym owner and devoted pumper of iron, also offers Pilates classes, but he's a doubter too. All the talk of magically narrowing hips upsets him. "Find me the study that proves all this, and I will kiss that person's behind," he snorts.

Such a study doesn't exist for the moment. But believers abound. Says Belle: "It's this or full body lipo."

**“People say to me,
‘You look thinner.’
And I’m thinking,
But I had that huge
piece of chocolate
cake last night.”**

—KYM BASSETT,
NEW YORK CITY

Under Bill Gates' Skin

Microsoft wants Lawrence Lessig off its case, and this week it may get its way. That would be a shame

By JOHN F. DICKERSON

WHEN HE WAS APPOINTED "SPECIAL master" last December in the Justice Department's closely watched antitrust suit against Microsoft, Lawrence Lessig expected that by spring he'd be the most important person in the court—the expert telling Judge Thomas Penfield Jackson how to sort through the legal and technological issues underlying the complex case. Instead, he's the one being judged. A federal appeals court will decide this week whether he is, as Microsoft claims, too deeply biased against it to make an impartial recommendation.

It's a bizarre twist in what is already one of the most tangled tales in the history of antitrust. Lessig, 36, a Harvard professor of law, is primarily a constitutional, rather than an antitrust, expert. Nevertheless, he is widely recognized as a leading thinker on how to adapt ancient legal principles to the new digital age. When the Supreme Court struck down the Communications Decency Act last year, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor repeatedly cited his article "Reading the Constitution in Cyberspace" in her separate opinion. He has written famously about the "tyranny of code," how seemingly insignificant details of software design can have far more impact than any law. "With respect to the architecture of cyberspace, and the worlds it allows," he once wrote, "we are God."

Metaphysical expressions come easily to the cerebral Lessig, who holds a master's degree in philosophy from Cambridge and often retreats for solo reading vacations to

“With respect to the architecture of cyberspace, and the worlds it allows, we are God.”



such places as Vietnam and Central America. Perhaps too easily. "Sold my soul and nothing happened" was how he chose to describe the trouble he was having installing Microsoft's Internet Explorer to a lawyer friend at Microsoft archenemy Netscape. The line was from a Jill Sobule song, a bit of pop-music whimsy from an opera fan who often wears stereo headphones while he works. It was a joke.

Not to Microsoft. See it: its lawyers said, Lessig has already set his heart against our company. But Gates' gray suits were gunning for the professor even before they unearthed the smoking E-mail. They argued from the start that Judge Jackson had no right to give such power to an outside adviser, especially one they hadn't vetted. Jackson dismissed their complaints as "trivial" and "defamatory," but the appeals court found them more credible and in February ordered Lessig to stop working until the matter could be argued in court.

What has Goliath so worried? Some of Lessig's past writings could be interpreted to suggest he might have an interventionist bent. But those who know him say Lessig is not so easily pigeonholed. For example, Lessig lost a lot of friends in the computer community when he argued against their push to establish a software standard for filtering pornographic images. Such software, he argued, limits the speech of its users without their even knowing it—a result nearly as pernicious as direct government censorship. It was an interesting insight, and many legal scholars were looking forward to hearing what Lessig would have to say about Bill Gates.

Now it's up to the appeals court to decide whether they'll get that chance. ■

BILL'S OTHER HEADACHES

■ **P.R. BLOWUP** The Los Angeles Times caught Microsoft execs trying to orchestrate a phony grassroots campaign. According to company memos, pro-Microsoft articles and editorials, drafted in Redmond, Wash., were to be strategically placed in key newspapers to manipulate the press and create the illusion of a groundswell of support for the software giant.

■ **STATES' RIGHTS** Not wanting to miss out on the Microsoft bashing, 11 state attorneys general, from New York to Illinois to Texas, are conducting their own investigations of the company's alleged anticompetitive business practices. Microsoft insiders say they fear the states' suits even more than the Justice Department's.

■ **WINDOWS 98** To make the announced June release date, the controversial new version of Windows—in which Microsoft's Internet browser is even more thoroughly intertwined with its operating system—will have to be shipped to computer makers by May 15. If Justice is serious about unscrambling the Windows 98 omelet, it had better do something before then.

■ **SHERMAN ANTITRUST** Meanwhile, Assistant Attorney General Joel Klein's operatives continue to gather evidence for what looks more and more like a broad antitrust suit charging Microsoft with a wide range of anticompetitive practices. But don't look for the other shoe to drop before June.

FROM HOLLYWOOD TO HELL
AND BACK



Perennial bad boy **ROBERT DOWNEY JR.** is out of jail, in a new movie and trying to kick the habits that got him into trouble in the past

By **JEFFREY RESSNER**

FIVE YEARS AGO, ROBERT DOWNEY Jr. enjoyed the Academy Awards from a choice orchestra seat in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles, honored as a Best Actor nominee for his acclaimed performance in the biopic *Chaplin*. During last month's ceremony his vantage point wasn't quite so glamorous: he watched the show on television through steel bars at the Los Angeles County Men's Central Jail, where he was serving time for violating probation after testing positive for drugs.

"Watching the Oscars from jail was a trip, a real trip," the 33-year-old actor recalled last week in his first face-to-face interview since being released on April 1. "But you know, people are people. I wasn't thinking about my own tragic situation. I was going, 'I didn't expect her to win. Isn't that nice?' I was just another shmuck watching it, you know?" Because of the jail's curfew, TV was shut off before the show ended; he didn't get to see *Titanic* win the Best Picture award. For a star like Downey, who has made 37 films and comes from a show-biz family, that might be considered cruel and unusual punishment.

Dressed for the interview in a hipster blue bowling shirt, black slacks and loosely tied sneakers, Downey looks good after serving 113 days in the joint. Well, maybe except for the platinum-blond streaks in his dark hair, dyed for a new movie role. His once bloodshot eyes seem clear and focused. The famous six-stitch gash he received in a vicious prison brawl is virtually undetectable on his still boyish face, thanks to a controversial furlough that allowed him to visit a plastic surgeon. And though he initially insisted that no questions about jail be asked, he not only appears comfortable but is also downright chatty about some of his prison experiences.

"You know what blew my mind more than anything else?" he asks, chuckling. "They had that book *The Artist's Way* in there, and on the side was stamped L.A. COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPT. It just seemed so funny." Downey read whatever friends

sent him: a biography of early BBC exec John Reith, Stephen King horror stories, inspirational works. "I can tell you a lot about the Bible if you want," he says. "Both the Old and the New Testament." He goes into a short, funny riff about what might have happened if he had had "some major spiritual awakening" in jail, then laughs about the cliché: "Some things should just not be talked about because I'd come off like a bigger jerk than ever."

Downey has reason to be in good spirits. Not only has he just been sprung from the slammer, he also has a new movie opening this week, *Two Girls and a Guy*, that's generating strong buzz for his role as a duplicitous lothario confronted by the two women he's been dating simultaneously (see review). And he has two more films coming out this year: *In Dreams*, in which he plays a psycho telepathically stalk-

fit to go into all the details of what this horrible experience was like for me."

Fair enough. Anybody who follows the news knows all about the actor's long-time battle with drugs and his myriad legal wrangles. The son of heralded underground director Robert Downey (*Putney Swope*), he got small movie roles until a season-long stint on *Saturday Night Live* served as a springboard into "brat-pack" films in the mid-'80s. The brilliance he displayed in such roles as the druggy Gen-Xer in 1987's *Less Than Zero* and later in his portrayal of Charlie Chaplin deepened the tragedy as he began spiraling down into a cycle of drug arrests, jail sentences and relapses.

The tough question is, Will he stay out of trouble this time? Friends and colleagues are hopeful but uncertain. "Robert is very ambitious," says director James Toback, who cast Downey in his first starring role in *The Pick-Up Artist* and wrote *Two Girls and a Guy* for the actor after seeing him handcuffed on TV at the time of an earlier arrest. "He has a ravenous appetite for money, fame and to do great work. Paradoxically, he's oblivious to making a

constructive path to reach that goal. People with one-tenth his talent are more practical in achieving the success they want. Right now, he's in a state of ignorance about himself and his future."

Fortunately for Downey, his talent is so highly prized that people are eager to work with him despite the risks. Actor-director Tim Robbins approached him for a role in his next project, *The Cradle Will Rock*, but the New York shoot conflicted with Downey's probation restrictions. Oliver Stone, Barry Levinson and Dustin Hoffman have all shown interest in future collaborations. "It's not just because he has great talent, which is undeniable," says Jodie Foster, who directed Downey in *Home for the Holidays*. "People who know him really feel for him." Others express similar support. "He's one of the most remarkable actors of his generation," declares *In Dreams* director Neil Jordan, who last saw Downey when he was released briefly to re-record some dialogue for the film. "He's hard-working, consistently concentrated. My perception is that the more he works in rewarding jobs and expands his horizons, the less chance he'll get into trouble. I'd work with him again in a minute."

IT WAS AWFUL, IT WAS HIGHLY PERSONAL, IT HAD A DIRECT CORRELATION TO THE EFFECTS OF A DISEASE, AND IT DOESN'T DO ME MUCH BENEFIT TO GO INTO ALL THE DETAILS OF WHAT THIS HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE WAS LIKE FOR ME.

Annette Bening, and *Friends and Lovers*, an indie comedy-drama that finds him playing a ski instructor. Though he must return each night to a rehab center for the next few months, he's been enjoying his newly gained freedom—eating pizza his first night out, shopping for high-fashion slacker duds, catching a matinee of *Lost in Space* with his four-year-old son Indio (before his sentencing he was separated from wife Deborah Falconer).

Despite the openness about his jail time, Downey doesn't feel like dwelling on the past. "I don't want to talk about it too much, because it's like talking to someone about going through chemotherapy," he says, turning very serious and lighting a cigarette. "It was awful, it was highly personal, it had a direct correlation to the effects of a disease, and it doesn't do me much bene-

As for the actor, he's taking his time in choosing new projects, hoping perhaps to appear in a family film or comic-book adaptation he can take his son to see. Directing is also a consideration, as is a possible recording venture (an accomplished pianist, he sings opera and wrote the closing theme for *Two Girls and a Guy*). Right now, though, Downey's main concern is staying clean. "I found myself not having my priorities straight, and I relapsed and went to jail," he says, twisting a silver ring inscribed with the words *CARPE DIEM*. "It's really simple. I'm a lot more ready to listen to folks who have been through this as opposed to thinking 'I'm more complex, I'm an artist,' and other rationalizations. I'm enjoying life. I can't tell you what a pleasure it is just to take a nice shower. It's so cool—using a hair dryer again, good towels—and I can lock the door if I want."

And as for the Movie . . .

HE SINGS CHORALES, DECLAIMS A SCENE from *Hamlet* and very persuasively fakes a suicide. He is a dutiful son and a shameless stud, a romantic egotist and sometimes a little boy lost. Few movies offer a performer the opportunity to let his talents cascade forth in the breathless rush that *Two Girls and a Guy* provides Robert Downey Jr.

Except that "movie" doesn't seem quite the right term for it. At best, it's a rather murkily photographed one-act play, confined to a single setting and to real time by writer-director James Toback. Indeed, if he had developed his situation—two girls discover that their guy has been blithely having his way with both of them simultaneously—he might have given us a chic, updated version of one of those old-fashioned farces that once upon a time regaled Broadway.

But Toback is a rather serene and self-conscious fellow. So, after a perky start, his work turns into a meandering wrangle. He flirts with a semidaring resolution—a cozy little ménage à trois—but doesn't quite have the gumption to go there. Instead, he lurches into a darkness that contains the promise of redemption (or at least responsible adulthood) for his wayward protagonist. We don't believe it for a second. We do, however, believe in the talent of his actors. The vengeful women—a coolly elegant Heather Graham and a flat-voiced, sharp-minded Natasha Gregson Wagner—are more than mere accompanists to Downey's tour de force; they're full-scale partners, finding arresting dissonance in this unfinished chamber piece. —By Richard Schickel

I Led Two Lives, Simultaneously

The highly touted *Sliding Doors* is too cute by half

DAMN, I MISSED THE TRAIN! GOOD, its sliding doors have opened again to let me through. Which one has happened to frazzled young Helen (Gwyneth Paltrow)? Both. It is the cunning conceit of the British romantic comedy *Sliding Doors* to create and follow alternative futures—both tines of that fork in life's road we all occasionally face and that leaves us wondering, What if?

Ah, the old What if? trick. It has inspired such evocative works as Alan Ayckbourn's play *Intimate Exchanges* (a woman has, or doesn't have, a cigarette, and her choice leads to 16 variations) and Krzysztof Kieslowski's film *Blind Chance* (a man runs for a train and heads into three different realities). In writer-director Peter Howitt's version, the Helen who makes the train home finds her beau Gerry (John Lynch) in bed with his old girlfriend (Jeanne Tripplehorn); the Helen who misses the train gets mugged. And in both cases she meets a seemingly nice fellow, James (John Hannah), to whose wry persistence she increasingly warms.

The film means to be beguiling, and



A PAIR OF PALTROWS: Are two Gwyneths (with Hannah) too much of a good thing?

many will find it so. But in this viewer's alternative reality, *Sliding Doors* is way too strained, in narrative logic and in performance, to work. Paltrow either whines or twinkles; Hannah works overtime at being winsome; Lynch has not even a pinch of larcenous charm; Tripplehorn is reduced to stridency and humiliation. The actors appear to be on trial for unknown offenses, and what could be blithe and affecting instead comes on like—oh, like the Spanish Inquisition. —By Richard Corliss



DRIVEN TO THE EDGE: A troubled man (Ershadi) on a mission of life or death

Tehran Master

Iran's top director spins a taut, profound fable

FELLOW GOES TO A DOCTOR AND SAYS, "Everything's wrong with me, but I don't know what disease I have. I touch my head, and it hurts. I touch my chest, and it hurts. I touch my leg, and it hurts. What's the problem?" The doctor examines him and says, "Your finger's broken."

This joke, told in Abbas Kiarostami's luminous *Taste of Cherry*, hints at the spirit of Iran's vital new cinema: knowing, poignant, as simple and universally sig-

nificant as an Aesop fable. Kiarostami, who is Iran's leading director (*Through the Olive Trees*) and screenwriter (*The White Balloon*), tells his tales with the grace and gravity of a wise old man in a village square. *Taste of Cherry*, which won the top prize at Cannes last year, is the finest of his shaggy-man stories.

A man named Badii (Homayoun Ershadi) drives around Tehran looking for someone who will do a little job for a lot of money. The profane and sacred task, we eventually learn, is to bury Badii if he is successful in a suicide attempt and to rescue him if he is not. The story is starkly allusive—we never learn why Badii wants to kill himself—and most of the "action" takes place in the cab of Badii's Range Rover, but the film isn't cramped or schematic. The talk flows persuasively; the picture pulses with art and humanity.

Here is a suspense thriller cast as a Socratic conversation. By Hollywood's pulse, the film may amble, but this is a token of its respect for each speaker's beliefs, its refusal to sentimentalize matters of life or death. Let the rest of the movie world ride a rocket to excess; Kiarostami will find a quiet place and listen to a man's heart right until it stops beating. And then he will listen some more. —R.C.

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Abstract Composition

Sublime Windbag

Writer, lover, national hero, Victor Hugo was also a brilliant draftsman of the unconscious

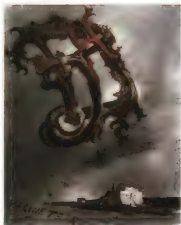
By ROBERT HUGHES

WHEN HE DIED IN 1885 AT AGE 83, Victor Hugo was beyond question the most famous man of letters in France, and perhaps the world—his only rival being Charles Dickens. The English put up plaques to show where their literary celebrities lived or were born, and sometimes grant them burial in Westminster Abbey. Hugo, however, is the only writer to have a stone mark his place of conception. His parents' epochal embrace took place in a forest 3,000 ft. up on the flank of Mount Donon, overlooking the Rhineland, in May 1801, though it's typical of Hugo's own mythomania that in adult life he claimed it happened 3,000 ft. higher still, and on Mont Blanc.

In his life he was compared (often by himself) to an eagle, a titan, an ogre, a monster, to Homer, Shakespeare, Dante and Cervantes. He wrote enormous, turbulent, dark novels, two of which (*Les Misérables* and *Notre-Dame de Paris*, known in English as *The Hunchback of Notre*

Dame) in our own day have been turned, respectively, into a kitsch-book musical and a saccharine Disney film. Few read the originals, at least in English, though they are of course more disturbing and entertaining than their modern clones. He wrote 21 plays, which transformed the French theater, hocking it out of the noble stasis of Corneille and Racine. One of them, *Hernani*, was the emblematic starting point of the Romantic movement in France and is sometimes credited with helping provoke the 1830 revolution.

With his voluminous poetry reckoned in, Hugo's effect on French literature exceeded anything short of the Bible itself. Flaubert, Baudelaire, Gautier all stood in his shadow, along with foreigners like Dostoyevsky and Conrad. In the words of English scholar Graham Robb, whose brilliant new biography, *Victor Hugo* (Norton, 682 pages; \$39.95), does for this sublime windbag what George Painter did for Proust 30 years ago, Hugo was "a one-man education system through which every writer had to pass ... The story of Hugo's influence after death is the story of a river



Marine Terrace with Initials, 1855

after it reaches the sea. It was so pervasive that he was sometimes thought not to have had an influence at all."

At the peak of his fame several streets in Paris were named after him. He lived besieged by infatuated women. "Imagination," he said in one of his more phallic moments, "is intelligence with an erection." Aged nearly 70, in the hectic relief that followed the lifting of the siege of Paris, he averaged one sexual encounter a day—40 different women in five months, competing for the touch of what Hugo called his "lyre." Larger than life, he was almost larger than death: half a million people, the biggest funeral at-

tendance since the death of Napoleon, followed his cortege to the freshly deconsecrated Panthéon, a building he detested and compared to a sponge cake. There he still lies. "Victor Hugo was a madman who thought he was Victor Hugo," bitched Jean Cocteau some decades later. So might a chihuahua fix its tiny fangs in the ankle of a bull elephant.

Hugo also drew, incessantly. This is the least-known aspect of his work, even in France: in the U.S. it will come as a complete surprise, even to art lovers. It is not known how many drawings Hugo made. About 3,000 survive, shared among various French state collections and a few private ones. From this mass, a distillation of some 100 images has been made for the Drawing Center in downtown New York City by curators Ann Philbin and Florian Rodari. It went on view last week, and it is an amazing show, a splendid (if unscheduled) complement to Robb's biography.

Leonardo da Vinci once advised painters to draw inspiration from random blots and stains on walls, in which the drifting imagination could see landscapes and battle pieces. Most of Hugo's drawn work was dedicated to this idea. From puddled stains and splotches he would summon up the primary images of his imagination—storms, cliffs, caves, brooding castle towers, desolate landscapes, monsters, shipwrecks, Gothic fantasies of every kind. They were provoked, as he put it, by "hours of almost unconscious daydreaming." Together, Hugo's drawings make up one of the most striking testimonies to the image-forming power of the unconscious in all Western art. They don't describe a predetermined image; they allow visions to surface through spontaneous play.

"Any means would do for him," wrote one of his friends, "the dregs of a cup of coffee tossed on old laid paper, the dregs of an inkwell tossed on notepaper, spread with his fingers, sponged up, dried, then taken up with a thick brush or a fine one... Sometimes the ink would bleed through the notepaper, and so on the reverse another vague drawing was born." He would also, when the impulse struck him, use stencils, fingerprints, soot, imprints from ink-soaked lace, stones and fingernails. He would fold the sheets of paper to make Rorschach blots in the wet ink. He worked like an omnipotent child, in a sort of happy delirium of free association.

The drawings are scratchy, messy, dark and sometimes as fecal as the under-Paris of sewers that he had created in *Les Misérables*. They are full of the fustian of Romanticism, but one must remember that it was a fustian that he himself had



Taches with Fingerprints, 1864

largely created through his own writings, years before. And in many respects, it, and what he said about it, seems almost incredibly forward-looking. Sometimes this is due to the apocalyptic subject matter, seen nearly 150 years later through late 20th century eyes. Hugo's *Mushroom*, circa 1850, a gigantic fungus looming irrationally up against a dim and devastated-looking landscape, can't help reminding you of atomic disaster, though not even Hugo could have imagined that.

The really new element in Hugo's work was the condition of its making. "Great artists," Hugo wrote, "have an el-

ement of chance in their talent, and there is also talent in their chance." Chapter and verse for many a 20th century painter, from the Surrealists to Jackson Pollock. Some of Hugo's taches ("blots" or "stains"), like the undated *Abstract Composition*, are hauntingly beautiful. It is his surrender to process, to the way in which the nature of the medium is allowed to form the image with the minimum of conscious control, that makes him seem prophetically modern.

When Hugo sets off on a string of imagery, the associations never seem to stop; they grow and replicate, spawning variations—a fractal imagination with no final term. The components keep interfusing. Thus, although Hugo never seems to have drawn a nude, he could invent even typography with sex, as in the strange drawing known as *Marine Terrace with Initials*, 1855. Marine Terrace was the house on the Channel Island of Jersey where Hugo lived with his family during some of his period of political exile (1851-70). He disliked the place—"brick-laid Methodism," he called its white square architecture, so unlike the dirty, suggestive, intricate Gothic he was crazy about. Here it shines with cold pallor under a gray sky, but over it flies a clawed, gnarled, vnelike object that on close inspection turns out to be a monogram, the interlaced initials of Victor Hugo and his mistress Juliette Drouet, the stems and serifs furiously grappling in the sky above the house of virtue. In Hugo's world, nothing—at least of all himself and his desires—was safe from apotheosis. ■



Mushroom, 1850



(CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) SONIC YOUTH: GORDON, MOORE, AND SHELLEY

The Triumph of Youth

After 17 years together, these alternative-rock pioneers aren't so young, but they're still vigorous

LISTENING TO A NEW SONIC YOUTH CD is like taking a holiday. Not an easy vacation like, say, skiing in Vail, but more like an adventure tour, the musical equivalent of climbing a particularly high peak without bottled oxygen. Traditional rock can be a sad grind—for example, on Eric Clapton's wan new CD, *Pilgrim*, one of the few listenable songs, *Sick and Tired*, turns out to have disturbing lyrics about threatening to blow out a woman's brains.

It's rock shocks like that—when pop music parts, Red Sea-like, to reveal all the misogyny and ugliness beneath—that gave rise to progressive/alternative rock in the early '80s. And one of the champions of the form over the past 17 years has been the New York City band Sonic Youth. "We got past the hardest part together," says band member Thurston Moore, 39, "which was getting through our 20s and 30s together." Sonic Youth doesn't embrace the swagger and sexual bravado of mainstream rock. The band's lyrics are often deliberately remote, seeking to capture, through abstract imagery, the wildness of adolescence, the plight of junkies and losers, and the social frustrations that come with gender barriers. Sonic Youth's members present themselves not as saviors but as everyday sorts who happen to have instruments.

The band's new CD, *A Thousand Leaves* (Geffen), is one of its best. The quartet—singer-bassist Kim Gordon, drummer Steve Shelley and singer-guitarists Lee Ranaldo and Moore (who is

married to Gordon)—has always been given to experimentation, but on this CD the Sonics bring it off with new vigor and maturity.

A number of songs stand out. One track, *Sunday*, has a soothing, rambling melody. Another, *Female Mechanic Now On Duty*, with its screeching, spiraling guitars and spoken-sung vocals, is a commentary on rock journalism. "It's a little bit of an answer song," says Gordon. "The media, which are predominantly made up of men, are always writing what they think 'women in rock' is, and it always winds up being some sexually seductive object." The band is at its best on the nine-minute song *Wildflower Soul*. It's a ballad that moves smartly from tangles of arty noise to stretches of grace. *A Thousand Leaves* isn't always easy to listen to, but it's always fascinating.

Today the genre that Sonic Youth helped create—alternative rock—is slipping creatively. "The industry only turned to alternative rock because they thought they'd find another half-dozen Nirvanas," says Ranaldo. "When they didn't, they dropped it like a cold fish and left a lot of bands—" Moore finishes his thought:—"flopping on the shore."

Sonic Youth has never tried to be an arena-filling band. By quietly and resolutely continuing to make its own fiercely avant-garde, unabashedly personal music, it has created a space for itself. While many careerist bands lie gasping for air, Sonic Youth swims on, looking for deeper, uncharted waters. —By Christopher John Farley

Cool Cats

A ska band taps into the sweet roots of tradition

THESSE DAYS THE SKITTERY, DANCE-able Caribbean musical genre known as ska comes in many forms, from the often entertaining punk-ska of groups such as Unwritten Law and Mephiskapheles to the chart-topping pop-ska of outfits like No Doubt. That's why *Right on Time* (Hellcat/Epitaph), a new album by the Los Angeles-based group Hecat, is so refreshing; it returns the sound of ska to the warm Caribbean harbor of its origin. This isn't music for slam dancing; instead, *Right on Time* features songs for romance. The tracks on this album have the lean, classic lines of old Motown records: the vocals are clean and pure and the melodies linger like a goodnight kiss on a first date.

The album's bouncy, high-stepping song *I Can't Wait* sets the tone. The horns have the bright feel of afternoon sunlight, the guitars and percussion are uncomplicated and snappy. Hecat is a big ensemble—there are nine members—but the band's sound is light on its feet. Ballads such as *Goodbye Street* and *Mama Used to Say* breeze by, carefree and easy but never insubstantial. The band shows off its versatility in several jazz instrumental numbers, including *Pharaoh's Dreams*, a jaunty track adorned with a lovely, liquid trumpet solo.

Right on Time plays off nicely against *Ska After Ska* (After Ska/Hearbeat), a new release compiling ska songs from the '60s by such pioneers as Justin Hinds, the Skatalites and others. Hecat, which was formed in 1989, is a relative newcomer, but its album is proof that the music is still in good hands. —C.J.F.

HERE'S HECAT: Big group, tight sound



Murder, They Wrote

Not only are the heroines in two new mysteries young, gifted and black. The authors are too

By NADYA LABI

SHERLOCK HOLMES DREW OUT A fine case, puffing leisurely at his calabash while pondering each clue until he deduced the culprit. Detecting, in the quintessential sleuth's day, required more than an agile mind: it took time. Of course, times change. Two of fiction's newest detectives have the necessary brainpower: they're young (in their 30s) African-American professionals (a professor and a doctor). These women, however, are so upwardly mobile that they can barely pencil murder into their crammed calendars.

The same profile fits their creators. Pamela Thomas-Graham, 33, a three-degree Harvard alumnus (B.A., J.D., M.B.A.), has taken a break from her career as a management consultant to write *A Darker Shade of Crimson* (Simon & Schuster; 286 pages; \$23), a mystery set at her alma mater. Similarly, Margaret Cuthbert, 34, a Stanford graduate and ob-gyn, has mined her experiences for a medical whodunit, *The Silent Cradle* (Pocket Books; 353 pages; \$23).

Black sleuths aren't new. But from Chester Himes' Grave Digger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson to Walter Mosley's Easy Rawlins and Valerie Wilson Wesley's Tamara Hayle, they've usually dealt with gritty murders on streets where the living ain't easy. Thomas-Graham and Cuthbert share a different m.o. "There have been very few protagonists that we've seen who are young black women operating in rarefied environments intellectually," says Thomas-Graham.

Her heroine, whom she likens to Ally McBeal, is Veronica ("Call Me Nikki") Chase, a flirtatious economics professor who knows how to make Adam Smith go down easy. Chase ghost-writes articles for the *Times*, crunches numbers for a prestigious campus committee and still

finds time to swoon over her dishy ex, Dante. But she wields her entitlement with refreshing honesty, describing herself as a light-skinned "bourgeoisie" black who "had grown up and gone to white schools and didn't believe in unduly upsetting white people."

When Chase stumbles upon the body of Ella Fisher, a black dean, dead from an apparent fall, she's sure that the wrong kind of invisible hand is at work. She investigates the victim's death with two weapons: an analytical mind and an unabashed use of her feminine wiles. Flattering and flirting, she makes her way through the suspects: the playboy university president who promoted Fisher from the secretarial ranks, allegedly thanks to her talents between the sheets, a slimy comptroller with a repertoire of



MARGARET CUTHBERT

ALIAS: Dr. Rae Duprey, ob-gyn
THE CASE: *The Silent Cradle*
THE CRIME: A baby killer is loose

repartee and libidinous diversions scattered throughout the book.

Cuthbert's Dr. Rae Duprey rivals Chase for sheer determination. In *The Silent Cradle* a killer is targeting unborn babies en route to Duprey's San Francisco hospital, sending expectant mothers into trauma and the good doctor into overdrive. It's a promising start, but then Freud fouls the action—on page six, no less. Turns out that Duprey's mother died in an ambulance while giving birth to a stillborn baby, leaving behind our neurotic protagonist, whose mantra is "Save the life! Save the life!"

The book is at its best when Duprey is elbow-deep in amniotic fluids. But take her out of the E.R. and she founders, and so does the story. The detective work is clumsy (case in point: Duprey leaps into an ambulance to steal an IV bag right in front of two paramedic suspects), as is the dialogue (one amorous cardiologist declares his intentions by saying, "I'll tell you why I came to Berkeley Hills Hospital, damn it! Marco told me about a beautiful, unattached, female obstetrician who needed this!" This is a whopper of a kiss that leads to great sex).

Pocket Books, its eye on the same audience that made *Waiting to Exhale* a best seller, reportedly paid Cuthbert \$2 million for two books after reading only a partial manuscript of *The Silent Cradle*; she has retired her practice to work on her next medical thriller, set in New Orleans. Meanwhile, Thomas-Graham has scouted out Yale for her sequel, *Blue Blood*. Both are hoping for movie deals. Cuthbert says her fantasy is "to sit in the front row of a movie theater, which I never do, with a big box of popcorn, which I don't eat, and to see the credit 'Based on a novel by Margaret Cuthbert.'" Thomas-Graham says she's begun discussing the role of Nikki Chase with some black actresses, but if she had her druthers, "I'd play her myself." For her, it'd be elementary. ■



PAMELA THOMAS-GRAHAM

ALIAS: Nikki Chase, flirty economics professor
THE CASE: *A Darker Shade of Crimson*
THE CRIME: A black dean is killed at Harvard

bilingual—but still awful—come-ons (as in, "You're looking *recherché* this evening"); and a black bookseller stuck in a '60s time warp who is the dead woman's ex-husband. Some of their secrets go stale by the time Chase finds the murderer, but readers can be forgiven for getting caught up in the snappy

Company Man

Lloyd is "A Novel of Business," with charts

FORTUNE COLUMNIST STANLEY BING, the pen name of the author of *Lloyd: What Happened* (Crown; 416 pages; \$25.95), has a day job as a manager for a big media company. So unlike most business journalists, he has experience with the kinds of ugly transactions the rest of us merely chronicle.

This is the world that our protagonist, Lloyd, inhabits. "You don't do this deal because it makes sense," says Lloyd's boss, Doug; "you do it because it can be done." This being "A Novel of Business," each chapter follows a month in Lloyd's calendar, with an executive summary for bottom-line-only readers and a wry collection of pictographs and charts, like "Number of Laughs Enjoyed in Lloyd's Corporation As a Function of



INSIDER: Bing's day job affords him an amiably perverse insight into corporate life

Profit Growth." Bing's style is highly readable: workers aren't fired, they're "decruted." And he can make the most loathsome corporate lizard amusing.

Yet Lloyd is everything we'd expect him to be: a predictably amoral executive who clings to the upper wrung of the management ladder like a sloth to a tree branch, fighting to protect his slice of generous options and to overindulge in brown liquids, Cuban smokes, aged red meat and not-so-aged women other than his wife.

Although Lloyd's quest can be fun reading, once again, reality has proved the master of fiction. Last week's humongous real-life deals might raise the unemployment rate in three or four cities while making the honchos filthy rich. That makes even *Lloyd* seem just a little too tame.

—By Bill Saporito

Out Damn Plaque

Hate to floss? It's awkward and cumbersome. And automatic flossers, while making it easier, cost a bundle! And no matter how often or how well you floss, you're only doing half the job—removing plaque from between the teeth—not from the sides nor those hard to reach periodontal pockets where the bacteria that cause gingivitis and gum disease flourish. Introducing *SoniPick*™ the advanced sonic powered flossing device that does the job quickly, gently and completely. *SoniPick*'s unique design removes plaque from between teeth and deep from within the facial and lingual pockets where the bacteria that cause gingivitis and gum disease hide.

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A man with thinning hair is looking at his reflection in a bathroom mirror. He is wearing a white t-shirt. The mirror shows his reflection with a more full head of hair. On the bathroom counter in front of the mirror, there is a hairbrush, a tube of hair cream, and a bar of soap in a soap dish. The man's hand is visible near a sink with a chrome faucet.

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*Based on vertex studies at 24 months of men 18 to 41 with mild to moderate hair loss.

Scientists have recently discovered that men who suffer from male pattern hair loss have an increased level of a substance called DHT in their scalps. PROPECIA blocks the formation of DHT, an apparent cause of hair loss. The benefit, however, of lowering DHT has not been determined. Importantly, PROPECIA helps grow natural hair – not just peach fuzz – and is as convenient to take as a vitamin: one pill a day.

Only a doctor can determine if PROPECIA is right for you. PROPECIA is for **men only**. Further, women who are or may potentially be pregnant must not use PROPECIA and should not handle crushed or broken tablets because of the risk of a specific kind of birth defect. (See accompanying Patient Information for details.) PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more to see visible results. PROPECIA may not regrow all your hair. And if you stop using this product, you will gradually lose the hair you have gained. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works for recession at the temporal areas. If you haven't seen results after 12 months of using PROPECIA, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit.

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. A very small number of men experienced certain side effects, such as: less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects were reversible and went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA. They also disappeared in most men (58%) who continued taking PROPECIA.

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What is PROPECIA used for?

PROPECIA is used for the treatment of male pattern hair loss on the vertex and the anterior mid-scalp area.

PROPECIA is for use by **MEN ONLY** and should **NOT** be used by women or children.

What is male pattern hair loss?

Male pattern hair loss is a common condition in which men experience thinning of the hair on the scalp. Often, this results in a receding hairline and/or balding on the top of the head. These changes typically begin gradually in men in their 20s.

Doctors believe male pattern hair loss is due to heredity and is dependent on hormonal effects. Doctors refer to this type of hair loss as androgenetic alopecia.

Results of clinical studies.

For 12 months, doctors studied over 1800 men aged 18 to 41 with mild to moderate amounts of ongoing hair loss. All men, whether receiving PROPECIA or placebo (a pill containing no medication) were given a medicated shampoo (Neutrogena T/Gel™ Shampoo). Of these men, approximately 1200 with hair loss at the top of the head were studied for an additional 12 months. In general, men who took PROPECIA maintained or increased the number of visible scalp hairs and noticed improvement in their hair in the first year, with the effect maintained in the second year. Hair counts in men who did not take PROPECIA continued to decrease.

In one study, patients were questioned on the growth of body hair. PROPECIA did not appear to affect hair in places other than the scalp.

Will PROPECIA work for me?

For most men, PROPECIA increases the number of scalp hairs, helping to fill in thin or balding areas of the scalp. Men taking PROPECIA noted a slowing of hair loss during two years of use. Although results will vary, generally you will not fall able to grow back all of the hair you have lost. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works in the treatment of receding hairline in the temporal area on both sides of the head.

Male pattern hair loss occurs gradually over time. On average, healthy hair grows only about half an inch each month. Therefore, it will take time to see any effect.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more before you see a benefit from taking PROPECIA. PROPECIA can only work over the long term if you continue taking it. If the drug has not worked for you in twelve months, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit. If you stop taking PROPECIA, you will likely lose the hair you have gained within 12 months of stopping treatment. You should discuss this with your doctor.

How should I take PROPECIA?

Follow your doctor's instructions.

- Take one tablet by mouth each day.
- You may take PROPECIA with or without food.
- If you forget to take PROPECIA, do not take an extra tablet. Just take the next tablet as usual.

PROPECIA will not work faster or better if you take it more than once a day.

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Who should NOT take PROPECIA?

- PROPECIA is for the treatment of male pattern hair loss on the vertex and the anterior mid-scalp area in **MEN ONLY** and should not be taken by women or children.
- Anyone allergic to any of the ingredients.

A warning about PROPECIA and pregnancy.

- Women who are or may potentially be pregnant:
 - must not use PROPECIA
 - should not handle crushed or broken tablets of PROPECIA.

If a woman who is pregnant with a male baby absorbs the active ingredient in PROPECIA, either by swallowing or through the skin, it may cause abnormalities of a male baby's sex organs. If a woman who is pregnant comes into contact with the active ingredient in PROPECIA, a doctor should be consulted. PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling, provided that the tablets are not broken or crushed.

What are the possible side effects of PROPECIA?

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. In clinical studies, side effects from PROPECIA were uncommon and did not affect most men. A small number of men experienced certain sexual side effects. These men reported one or more of the following: less desire for sex; difficulty in achieving an erection; and, a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA. They also disappeared in most men who continued taking PROPECIA.

The active ingredient in PROPECIA is also used by older men at a five-times higher dose to treat enlargement of the prostate. Some of these men reported other side effects, including problems with ejaculation, breast swelling and/or tenderness and allergic reactions such as lip swelling and rash. In clinical studies with PROPECIA, these side effects occurred as often in men taking placebo as in those taking PROPECIA.

Tell your doctor promptly about these or any other unusual effects.

PROPECIA can affect a blood test called PSA (Prostate-Specific Antigen) for the screening of prostate cancer. If you have a PSA test done, you should tell your doctor that you are taking PROPECIA.

Storage and handling.

Keep PROPECIA in the original container and keep the container closed. Store it in a dry place at room temperature. PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling, provided that the tablets are not broken or crushed.

Do not give your PROPECIA tablets to anyone else. It has been prescribed only for you. Keep PROPECIA and all medications out of the reach of children.

THIS LEAFLET PROVIDES A SUMMARY OF INFORMATION ABOUT PROPECIA. IF AFTER READING THIS LEAFLET YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS OR ARE NOT SURE ABOUT ANYTHING, ASK YOUR DOCTOR.

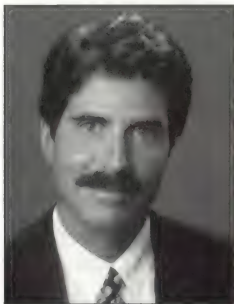
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FAMILIAR PATTERN:
A neatly crafted tale
about hope and love

B O O K S

A Well-Meaning Misfit

Anne Tyler's engaging new novel puts a former housebreaker in the service of the housebound

ANNE TYLER IS ONE OF THE FEW contemporary authors whose work consistently attracts both critical acclaim and seeds of paying readers. Those curious about how this trick is performed—a category that must include nearly every other writer on earth—would do well to consult *A Patchwork Planet* (Knopf; 288 pages; \$24). Tyler's 14th novel. This new book not only conforms to the familiar pattern the author has established in her fiction but does so in a fresh and engaging fashion.

The central character in a typical Tyler novel is a well-meaning but somehow ineffectual hero or heroine, a misfit who wonders how everyone else manages to cope. This time out, it's Barnaby Gaitlin, who turns 30 during the course of this story without having acquired any noticeable trappings of success. "A rented room," his ex-wife Natalie chides him, "an unskilled job, a bunch of shiftless friends. No goals and no ambitions."

All true, he concedes, and there is worse. Barnaby is the scion of a distinguished Baltimore, Md., family; his great-grandfather made enough money to establish the Gaitlin Foundation for the Indigent, now headed by Barnaby's father. But the son's career as a teenage vandal strained relations with his family. "Back in the days when I was a juvenile delinquent," Barnaby confides, "I used to break into houses and read people's private mail. Also photo albums. I had a real thing about photo albums."

And what does the adult Barnaby do for a living? Why, he goes into people's houses as an 11-year employee of Rent-a-Back, a Baltimore firm that performs, for a fee, household chores that are impossible for the elderly or infirm. And sure enough, one of his clients eventually accuses him of stealing \$2,960 in cash stashed in a flour bin.

Since Barnaby by this time has established his credentials as a candid narrator of his own flaws, readers need not be worried that he has sneakily reverted to the ways of his youth. Tyler has made it impossible not to care, quite intently, about his rightful exonerations.

Which is never, it must be added, seriously in doubt. The plot of *A Patchwork Planet* provides little suspense but—Tyler's trademark—many occasions for touching human details. The best of them involve Barnaby's sympathetic observations about the aging people who depend on his services. "I never counted my clients as friends—not even the ones I liked," he says. "Clients could up and die on you." So they do, and Barnaby mourns them. One of his favorites, Mrs. Alford, goes suddenly, and relatives show Barnaby the quilt with a Planet Earth design that she had hastily finished. He sees a depiction "clumsily cobbled together, overlapping and crowded and likely to fall into pieces at any moment." That is a pretty good description of the world in Tyler's fiction, a fragile place sustained by hope and love.

—By Paul Gray

Space Campers experience the simulated tumbling of a spacecraft



SUMMERTIME AND THE LEARNING IS EASY

Summertime? Time for what? A couple of weeks at the beach for yourself and a couple of months for your kids—long enough for their brains to turn to cotton candy? This summer try something different: a family learning vacation. You'll still get to be together, but you can also pick up some new ideas and skills that won't fade like a summer tan. Here are six itineraries—each in a different part of America. Since programs and hotels fill up quickly, be sure to book soon. **By LESLIE DICKSTEIN**



A virtual space trip

Ticket to Ride

A camp where parents and kids play astronaut

PATRICIA DAHM, A MOTHER OF TWO boys, had never considered herself an adventurous person. Her perception changed, however, when she attended Space Camp with her family last year. During a weekend of piloting simulated shuttle missions and bringing spinning space capsules under control, Dahm discovered that she's more daring than she'd ever thought. "I probably had the best time of all," she says with a laugh. "It was great fun—just acting like a kid, letting loose and seeing the excitement in my children."

Since it opened in 1988, the U.S. Space Camp Florida parent-child program has trained some 10,000 boys, girls, moms and dads. (U.S. Space Camp parent-child programs are also available in Huntsville, Ala., and Mountain View, Calif.) The ultimate hands-on science museum, it gives you a chance to say yes the next time Junior asks if he can go to the moon. Upon arrival, a maximum of 72 participants are broken up into six teams of 12. From that moment on, the activities are nonstop. You'll build and launch your own rockets, participate in very realistic space simulations, and tour the Kennedy Space Center and the Astronaut Hall of Fame. You'll also visit at least two shuttle launching pads and perhaps, if

your timing is right, even catch one of three shuttle launches scheduled for this summer. Not only will you know what it feels like to walk on the moon, but you'll also learn a lot about the U.S. space program's history and its future. No doubt your family members will also learn a lot about each other: participants say one of the best parts of the program is getting to work together and solve problems as a family unit.

Space Camp's parent-child program is designed for children ages 7 through 11, though exceptions are occasionally allowed. A \$300-a-person fee covers the entire three-day Space Camp parent-child program, including meals and housing (guests stay in a dormitory-style facility and are separated by gender). Families that don't like the idea of sleeping in bunk beds can stay at any nearby hotel and join the rest of the group for programs and activities. One good bet: the Ramada Inn at Kennedy Space Center, which gives Space Camp participants a special rate (\$49.50 for a double room).

Though the weather may not cooperate, shuttle takeoffs are scheduled for May 28, July 9 and Aug. 26. These launches are on a Wednesday and two Thursdays, which means you'll need to add at least a day before Space Camp begins Friday morning. Launch-viewing tickets, which take you to a special observation site, are \$10 each and must be purchased in person no more than five days in advance.

You don't have to worry about downtime: the Disney theme parks are only a little more than 50 miles away (but save enough energy for the nonstop pace at Space Camp). Other local points of interest include the Brevard Community College Astronaut Memorial Planetarium and Observatory (planetarium shows, a rooftop telescope, space museum and hands-on exhibit hall), the Piper Aircraft factory (where those interested in aviation on a smaller scale can tour the assembly plant) and the Merritt Island National Wildlife Refuge (for living proof that

nature and technology can coexist peacefully). Finally, you'll want to reserve time to go back over to the Kennedy Space Center. There's a lot that isn't covered on the Space Camp tour—the International Space Station, for example—and certainly you shouldn't miss it.

At night the bright lights go on and it's batter up at Shea Stadium



Around the Bases

Tour the ball parks and soak up the lore

REMBER THE THRILL OF YOUR first major league game? How huge the stadium felt? How green the grass looked? Sitting there in the stands, whether you've attended one game or a hundred, you'll find it hard not to feel a sense of awe.

A sense of history too—which is why a tour of some of America's grand ball parks would be a great vehicle for pitching your kids American history in an attractive package. We have a specific two-week trip in mind, beginning July 14, that includes games plus about three days of sight-seeing in each city visited.

Begin in Baltimore, Md. Granted, Oriole Park at Camden Yards is the newest ball field on the block, having been completed in 1992. But the stadium has been widely praised for its classic, fan-friendly design.

Brevard Astronaut Memorial Planetarium and Observatory
407-634-3732
Kennedy Space Center
407-452-2121
Merritt Island National Wildlife Refuge 407-861-0667
Piper Aircraft Factory
561-967-4361
Space Camp 800-63-OSPACE
Walt Disney World
407-W-DISNEY





Plan to arrive in town by early afternoon, in time to get to the Yards for the game against Toronto at 7:35 p.m. The next day take a guided stadium tour and visit the Babe Ruth Birthplace and Baseball Center, a national landmark that also houses the Baltimore Orioles Museum and the Maryland Baseball Hall of Fame. You might also venture over to the Ripken Museum, in nearby Aberdeen, Md., which has pictures and memorabilia documenting the Ripken baseball dynasty. Besides baseball, Baltimore has its magnificent Inner Harbor, the National Aquarium, Maryland Science Center and the B. & O. Railroad Museum.

From Baltimore, head north on I-95 to New York City and Yankee Stadium, site of more than 30 World Series since it opened in 1923. Take advantage of the fact that the Bronx Bombers are on the road by doing the stadium's behind-the-scenes tour. Don't miss Monument Park in deep center field, where you'll find tributes to Yankee greats like Babe Ruth and "Iron Man" Lou Gehrig. You can see a game in the Big Apple, at Shea Stadium, home of the Mets, who have a three-game stand against

Philadelphia July 16-18. Shea is where the 1969 Miracle Mets worked their magic, and is within a few line drives—and a trolley ride—of the 1964 World's Fair grounds, with its 140-ft.-tall metallic globe, the U.S.T.A. Tennis Center and the New York Hall of Science. If you can't get enough baseball, the Yankees play Detroit on July 20. Or take in other New York City sites: the dinosaur-rich American Museum of Natural History, the Children's Museum, Central Park's Wildlife Conservation Center or the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. If your kids eat, breathe and sleep baseball, take them to Manhattan for Mickey Mantle's Restaurant and Sports Bar or the Official All Star Café.

On to Boston and Fenway Park, arguably the best of the old-time ball fields—though with a few dubious distinctions. For starters, the park's opening game was held



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the same day the *Titanic* sank, in 1912. The home-team Red Sox have managed to stay afloat but haven't won a World Series since 1918. Still, no fan would want to miss seeing the Green Monster, the 37-ft.-high left-field wall painted in 1947. The Red Sox play Toronto (with ex-Red Sox legend Roger Clemens) on July 23, but before game day, spend a couple of days touring Faneuil Hall, the Boston Tea Party Ship and Museum, the New England Aquarium and the Freedom Trail. Boston by Foot has guided tours of the city for kids age six and older.

Wind up your baseball tour in Cooperstown, N.Y., where, lore has it, the game

TIME FOR FAMILIES TRAVEL REPORT

began more than a century ago. Make your way to the Baseball Hall of Fame, the repository of such memorabilia as the bat Babe Ruth used for his "called shot" in 1932 and the uniform Hank Aaron wore the night he hit his 715th career home run. Plan to get there for the annual Hall of Fame weekend, July 25-27. Festivities include the induction of this year's new Hall of Famers—including Don Sutton and Larry Doby—autograph sessions and the 52nd annual Hall of Fame Game, featuring the Orioles vs. the Toronto Blue Jays. Before leaving town, take a trip to the Doubleday batting range (open on weekends only until July 1), the American Baseball Experience (a wax museum) and the Coopers-town Bat Co., just two miles away.

Pedal Pushers

A culture ride through the Great Lakes State

WHAT COMES TO MIND WHEN YOU think of Michigan? Snow? Cars? Football? How about summer vacation? Tucked away in the northwest corner of Michigan's Lower Peninsula are some of the country's best-kept secrets: white sandy beaches, turquoise lakes, towering dunes and a premier training center for young musicians, dancers, artists and actors.

This summer, take it in from a perch on your bicycle seat (or on your Burley trailer, for those too young to pedal) with Michigan Bicycle Touring's Interlochen/Lake Michigan Sightseer. The family-friendly outfitter offers three five-day tours (departing June 28, July 12 and Aug. 23), each blending art with moderate aerobics to create a unique family learning experience.

Gearred for beginner and intermediate riders (on average, you cycle 25 to 35 miles each day), the tour coasts past lush countryside, beautiful lakeshore and fragrant orchards, stopping along the way at artists'



A father-daughter team looks over scenic Lake Michigan on an escorted cycle tour



The Crystal River flows through the Homestead resort in Glen Arbor



Michigan Bicycle Touring
616-263-5885

Interlochen Center for the Arts
616-276-7200

Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore
616-326-5134

Mackinac Island Butterfly House
906-847-3972

Mackinac Island Chamber of Commerce
800-454-5227

Mackinac State Historic Parks
906-847-3328

galleries to view block prints, batiks, Native American pottery, weavings and watercolors. Overnight at the Interlochen Center for the Arts, there's a campus tour and ample opportunity to attend student and faculty performances. You may also get to hear one of the international artists who play at Interlochen each summer (past performers include Yo-Yo Ma, Marvin Hamlisch and Itzhak Perlman). The last night of the trip is spent at the Crystal Mountain Resort, a luxury property adjacent to Michigan Legacy Art Park, a 30-acre sculpture gallery actually built into the forest. Bike-tour rates are \$809 a person for a double room. Discounts for children are available.

After the bike tour, you can continue your Northern Michigan visit at Sleeping Bear Dunes, a few miles to the north. (For lodging, extend your stay at Crystal Mountain or move to the Homestead, another top-of-the-line family facility in nearby Glen Arbor. If you're primarily interested in taking in more performances, you can book

a room in the guest lodges at Interlochen. Keep in mind, however, that the fairly rustic accommodations have no air-conditioning or television.) With 30 miles of lakeshore and massive dunes towering hundreds of feet over Lake Michigan, Sleeping Bear is a room in the guest lodges at Interlochen. Keep in mind, however, that the fairly rustic accommodations have no air-conditioning or television.) With 30 miles of lakeshore and massive dunes towering hundreds of feet over Lake Michigan, Sleeping Bear is a sight you don't want to miss. Kids will love the Dune Climb, a 350-ft. mountain of sand, and the Pierce Stocking Drive, a seven-mile scenic drive with spectacular views of Lake Michigan.

From Sleeping Bear, cross the peninsula and head north toward Mackinac (pronounced Mackinaw) Island, on U.S. Route 31. Stop at the Music House, a 1906 barn that has antique, automated musical instruments in a reconstructed, turn-of-the-century museum. Continue north through the charming towns of Charlevoix and Petoskey and past the outstanding collection of 400 Victorian homes in Bay View. Another site not to miss: the scenic drive up State Road 119, between Harbor Springs and Cross Village.

You'll know you're getting close when you see the Mackinac Bridge, the world's longest suspension bridge. Since no cars are allowed on the island, you'll have to park your car at Mackinaw City. Those who do not want to cross the bridge can take one of the ferries from St. Ignace, just



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across the straits. Before you go, be sure to visit Colonial Michilimackinac, a reconstructed French fur-trading village and military outpost.

Once on Mackinac Island, park yourself at the historic Grand Hotel, built in 1887. A major resort in its own right, Mackinac Island has plenty to keep the whole family busy, including the Butterfly House, a walk-through greenhouse filled with live butterflies and flowers, and Fort Mackinac. For starters, though, grab a taste of the island's world-famous fudge and take a carriage tour to get yourselves oriented. Then curl up in one of the hotel's porch rockers with a book by Ernest Hemingway or Edward Everett Hale; both writers found inspiration here many summers ago.

On to Richmond

Taking a drive through Civil War history

SURE THEY TEACH THE CIVIL WAR IN school. But to bring one of the most important events in American history to life, there's nothing quite like standing on the same ground that General Ulysses S. Grant stood on more than a century ago or walking across the fields where tens of thousands of soldiers died.

Begin your trip in Gettysburg, which this summer celebrates the 135th anniversary of the famous battle fought there.

From July 1 through July 5, some 20,000 re-enactors—and thousands of spectators—will meet at a farm about two miles from the Gettysburg National Military Park for what is billed as "the largest gathering of Blue and Gray since the Civil War."



A cannon stands silent on a Gettysburg field in memory of the men who died there

At about the same time, the National Park Service plays host at its own commemorative events at the Gettysburg National Military Park. There are ranger-guided anniversary walks and demonstrations by living-history groups. Don't miss the one-hour "Life of the Common Soldier" program, which allows kids to enlist, march, drill and even receive an honorable discharge. The program is offered daily at 11, but register early—between 10 and 10:30—at the Cyclorama Center. (These five days are expected to be very crowded, so make your hotel reservations early.)

From Gettysburg, head south to Antietam National Battlefield at Sharpsburg, where soldiers fought on what was the



Gettysburg Convention and Visitors Bureau
717-334-6274
Maryland Office of Tourism
800-394-5725
West Virginia Division of Tourism and Parks
800-225-5982
Virginia Tourism Corp.
800-847-4882 or 804-786-4484



The Union Army on the march in a re-enactment at Manassas

TIME FOR FAMILIES TRAVEL REPORT

bloodiest day of the Civil War. After a couple of hours' tour, continue to Harpers Ferry, site of abolitionist John Brown's notorious raid on the U.S. arsenal. Harpers Ferry, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, is a great place for family outdoor activities like canoeing, rafting and hiking. At the Historical Park, visit the restored, pre-Civil War Lower Town, with its many living-history demonstrations. Plan to stay at the historic Hilltop House, a century-old stone inn on a bluff overlooking the Potomac and the Shenandoah. Mark Twain and Woodrow Wilson stayed there.

It's a 30-minute drive from Harpers Ferry to Manassas National Battlefield Park, where soldiers fought the Battles of Bull Run and where General "Stonewall" Jackson earned his nickname. Then head west to the Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania National Military Park and its four major battlefields: Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Court House. You'll need at least two days to take it all in, so plan to spend at least one night in a city hotel, inn or bed and breakfast (call the Fredericksburg Visitor Center for complete lodging information). While you're in the neighborhood, visit the James Monroe Museum and Memorial Library, where Monroe had his first law office, and the George Washington Birthplace National Monument, about 38 miles west.

From there, as the Union Army generals declared, it's on to Richmond, capital of the Confederacy. Stay at the Jefferson Hotel, a deluxe property that has played host to everyone from Theodore Roosevelt to Elvis Presley. Richmond is a trove of Civil War memorabilia (the Museum and White House of the Confederacy, Monument Avenue and the Richmond National Battlefield) and also boasts sites like St. John's Episcopal Church, where Patrick Henry gave his "Give me liberty or give me death" speech in 1775. A \$15 block ticket gives access to more than 36 museums, houses, hotels and churches, available through the Richmond Visitors Center (children under seven are free).

Use Richmond as a base to visit the last two tour stops: the Petersburg National Battlefield, where months of fighting led to the fall of Richmond, and Appomattox Court House, where Lee ultimately surrendered to Grant. Both are easy and worthwhile day trips from town—and a fitting way to end your tour.



Visitors to the Raven Site Ruin in Arizona peer into America's past

Hey, Dig This!

Excavation is a family affair in the Southwest

IF YOUR CHILDREN ARE INTERESTED IN archaeology and Native American culture, Arizona is a find. In just one or two weeks, you can travel from ancient Indian ruins to modern-day Navajo homes. En route, you'll see some of nature's most amazing creations: more than 1,150 sq. mi. of extinct volcanoes, pristine mountain rivers, sparkling lakes amid clean, cool air.

Begin your journey at the Raven Site Ruin, one of the few archaeological digs where you don't have to be an archaeologist to dig in. Located near Springerville (about four hours east of Phoenix), the pre-

historic site was a pottery-manufacturing center occupied by the Anasazi and Mogollon Indians until it was abandoned some 600 years ago. These days the site offers hands-on excavation programs that last from one day to one week (children must be at least nine years of age). Mornings are spent digging with trained archaeologists; afternoons include hikes to nearby petroglyphs (ancient rock drawings) and laboratory work. Rates are \$59 a day for adults, \$37 for children. Lodging is either on site (for large groups) or at guesthouses nearby. Check with the Raven Site staff or the Round Valley Chamber of Commerce for suggestions; a few have discounts for program participants.

While you're in the area, visit Greer, a picturesque little town about 20 miles west of Springerville. Your tour should also include Casa Malpais, a 13th century



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520-333-5857
Round Valley Chamber of
Commerce 520-333-2123
Casa Malpais Archaeological
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• Improved awareness of appropriate behavior	89%	73%
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historic site and museum that features a large volcanic-rock kiva (a room used for men's ceremonies or meetings), a 60-room pueblo, a natural rock staircase, a ceremonial plaza and rock-art panels.

One or two days at Raven Site is generally sufficient unless your child has an unusually keen interest in archaeology. When you can break away, head north on highway 191 toward St. Johns and the Petrified Forest. On the way, you'll pass through the Springerville Volcanic Field, the third largest of its kind in the continental U.S. Other possible stops include Rattlesnake Point, an archaeological site with petroglyphs (tours available via land or boat), and Lyman Lake State Park, for swimming, boating, hiking and fishing.

Petrified Forest National Park, where a 28-mile scenic drive takes you through colorful fields of petrified logs. Indian ruins and sweeping views of the Painted Desert, is a must. Don't miss the Rainbow Forest Museum at the park's south entrance: kids love seeing the dinosaur fossils, which date back more than 200 million years, and viewing up close the giant petrified logs on the small trail just outside.

Continue heading north to Ganado, on the Navajo Reservation, which is home to the country's largest Indian tribe. If you arrive around lunchtime, stop at Ramon's, on state highway 264, for some traditional Navajo fare. You might also stop at the Hubbell Trading Post, a site dating back to the 1870s, which is the oldest continuously operating trading post on the reservation. Ranger-led tours are available.

Continue north to Canyon de Chelly (pronounced Shay) National Monument, which offers all the Grand Canyon's splendor minus the traffic, crowds and noise. Inhabited by Indians for about 2,000 years, the canyon has two scenic rim drives with breathtaking views of the multihued canyon and ancient cliff dwellings. All visitors must be accompanied by a Navajo guide for walks, horseback rides and driving tours. The only public access into the canyon without a guide is at the White House Ruins Trail. Lodging options in the area include the Thunderbird Lodge, built around an 1896 trading post, a Holiday Inn and a Best Western. For those who want to experience Navajo life-style, there's a rugged bed and breakfast (stress rugged: you sleep in a dirt-floored hogan, and there is no running water or electricity) run by Coyote Pass Hospitality in nearby Tsaile.

—Reported by Laura Laughlin



Easy to Be Green National Wildlife helps families to love nature



Cool mountain waters and high points abound in Washington's national parks

GEORGE AND ALICE SCHEIL NEVER thought they were reunion types. That was before they attended their first National Wildlife Federation Conservation Summit. Since 1972 the Raytown, Mo., couple has attended 24 N.W.F. summits. This summer will be No. 25. They've scouted for loons in Nova Scotia and hiked their way through Estes Park, Colo., with their children and grandchildren. After all that, they can't imagine a more enlightening way to spend seven days in July. "Once we got hooked, we got hooked," says George Scheil, 74. "It's an excellent program, especially for families with young children. Because that's when you want them to learn about nature."

And learn they do. For one week each summer, families, couples and people of all ages get together to learn about the environment through field trips, hikes and interactive presentations. Kids and adults go their separate ways during the day. While children ages 3 to 17 go on micro-hikes or wildlife expeditions (there are four adult-supervised camp programs), Mom and Dad get to spend the day birding, learning about astronomy, whale watching or taking a nature writing class. In the late



Mount Baker to the east, whale pods under the surface of Haro Strait.

afternoon and evening, everyone regroups for family activities like barbecues, lobster bakes, folk dancing and Native American storytelling.

The headquarters for this year's Northwestern Summit is Washington State's Western Washington University, which rests between the breathtaking peak of Mount Baker and the calm waters of Bellingham Bay. It's an idyllic setting—Alpine meadows, tall pines, unspoiled lakes and miles of hiking trails—and also a great place to learn about the Northwest and its marine environments. You'll take wildlife cruises to Puget Sound, trips to North Cascades National Park and, of course, visits to Mount Baker. Also planned this year are special trips for kayakers, beginners and advanced, and courses about the ancient forests of the Pacific Northwest and how the salmon industry has affected the environment, culture and economy. Summit faculty—which this year includes experts from the U.S. Geological Survey and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service—are drawn from leading teaching and research institutions in the Northwest.

When the N.W.F. Summit is over, many people choose to stay in the area for more

exploring. For starters, head back toward 10,778-ft. Mount Baker to take in whatever you couldn't manage to do during the actual summit program. Another good find in Bellingham: Whatcom Falls Park, with its incredible waterfalls, hiking trails, children's fishing pond and fish hatchery. Also fun for the family is Lake Samish Park, which encompasses 39 acres of unspoiled shoreline and is the perfect place to rent paddleboats for an afternoon row. Those with a more adventurous spirit might try one of Alpine Adventures' rafting trips. On Upper Skagit River in North Cascades National Park. The 14-mile white-water trip features plenty of mountain scenery and waterfowl, not to mention some fairly challenging rapids.

During the N.W.F. Summit, accommodations are in dormitory-style two-room suites with a shared bath. Those wishing to extend their stay for a few extra days are welcome to do so; other lodging options in-



National Wildlife Federation
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Bellingham/Whatcom County
Convention & Visitors Bureau
360-671-3990
Bellingham Parks and
Recreation Dept.
360-676-6985
Whatcom County Parks
Mount Baker National Park
800-275-8777

clude the Holiday Inn Express of Bellingham (800-HOLIDAY or 360-671-4800), kids 19 and under stay free) and Schnauzer Crossing bed-and-breakfast (800-562-2808 or 360-733-0055) if you're looking for something more intimate and upscale. Another good choice would be the Wilkins Farm (360-966-7616), an unpretentious bed-and-breakfast northeast of downtown.

If you're not inclined to go west, the N.W.F.'s Eastern Summit will be held July 4 through 10 in Silver Bay, N.Y., on Lake George. Early-registration rates for both programs are \$375 for adults, \$300 for teens, \$275 for youths and \$150 for preschoolers, meals and lodging not included. —Reported by Jenifer Joseph/Bellingham

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TIME INQUIRY PROGRAM

New Watchdog on Duty

He has skewered lawyers and made staff members cry. Now Steve Brill turns his spotlight on the press

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

THIS JUNE, THE PROMOS BLARE, "THE media's free ride comes to a screeching halt." That pitch can be seen on buses rolling down the streets of New York City, but it's not exactly a line to stop traffic. Didn't the media's free ride end years ago? Haven't we all grown used to the cycle in which every big news story, from Princess Diana to Bill and Monica, is followed by the inevitable how-the-media-screwed-up mea culpas?

But that, for Steve Brill, is just the point. "There's more frustration and confusion and cynicism about the media than ever before," he says—and he's counting on it. Brill is majority owner and editor of *Content*, a monthly debuting in June that aims to be, as he puts it, "a consumer guide to the information age." What Brill seems to be crafting is a mix of the probity of the gray *Columbia Journalism Review* and the audacity of the early *New York* magazine. Sample cover lines: THE 10 LAZIEST WHITE HOUSE REPORTERS and DIANE SAWYER'S THREE SAPIEST INTERVIEWS. Brill is writing a story on the scoops in the early days of the Lewinsky scandal, sorting out who got what and how they got it. *Content* reporters are also probing into such dark corners as the economics of local TV news (What's worth more to a station—10 new reporters or a helicopter?) and letters to teen magazines (Are they made up?).

Content is sure to cause some nervous fidgeting in media circles. (We're already screening our calls.) The question is whether it will cause much of a ripple in the rest of the world. Brill is aiming for a circulation of 450,000 to 600,000 at the end of five years—an optimistic goal considering that the *Columbia Journalism Review's*

paid circulation is only 26,000. Brill and his minions have been out hustling ads—he expects at least 40 pages in the launch issue—but some Madison Avenue vets are wary. "I don't think the mass of people will be interested," says Roberta Garfinkle of McAnn-Erickson advertising. "The people in our industry who want to read it will probably all be on the comp list." Yet the sign-up rate among those who received Brill's cheeky



NO FREE RIDE: Brill plans grabby covers, like this prototype roasting network news anchors

direct-mail pitches is running close to 7%, far above expectations. That has prompted Brill to boost the projected circulation for the launch issue from 175,000 to 250,000. "Will an audience of nonmedia people be interested in this magazine?" asks Brill. "I think we've answered that question."

Brill, 47, a blunt, beefy fellow armed with an unlighted cigar and a Tab during a recent interview, may be the right guy with the right idea at the right time. A graduate of Yale law school, he founded the irreverent monthly *American Lawyer* at age 28 and managed almost from the start to throw a scare into the close-knit legal profession—as well as into his own staff. (A former reporter

recalls Brill emerging from his office roaring, "I'm gonna make somebody cry!") Later he created Court TV, which earned high marks for its coverage of the O.J. Simpson trial and other high-profile cases.

Even before he dubbed himself an official press watchdog, Brill kept a close eye on his own presses. He gave corrections in his magazines prominent play, printing the names of staff members responsible for errors. And he routinely checked with people mentioned in stories to see if they found the reporting fair and accurate. A Florida real estate man once said he loved the story but not the quotes attributed to him; he had never been interviewed. Brill fired the reporter.

Brill's record as a businessman is less clear-cut. *American Lawyer* and its sister magazines have never been big moneymakers, and Court TV has struggled to get into the black. Early last year Brill was stymied when he tried to gain full control of his media ventures from partners, including Time Warner (parent company of TIME's publisher), and he wound up selling out to the company instead, a deal that netted him more than \$20 million. He'll spend much of that on *Content*, which he projects will cost \$27 million before breaking even. (One of the three other investors is media mogul Barry Diller.)

Brill has stocked the magazine with impressive talent, hiring writers and editors from such publications as the *Wall Street Journal*, *Business Week* and *TIME* (former chief political correspondent Michael Kramer is Brill's No. 2 editor). Washington *Post* media critic (and author of *Spin Cycle*) Howard Kurtz will be a contributor, as will former FCC chairman Reed Hundt and humorist Calvin Trillin. Brill has even hired an in-house ombudsman: former *New York Times* editor Bill Kovach, head of the *Nieman* journalism fellowships at Harvard, will critique *Content's* own articles.

Brill has a good chance of ruffling some serious feathers among the media crowd. But he insists he won't be an avenging angel: "If your tone is bitter and scolding, the outsider looking in, that carries its own bias. You have no credibility." So *Content* will give out pats on the back as well as skewerings. "Not enough of the good stuff is appreciated because it's so swamped by the bad stuff," he says. "We're going to spend a lot of time finding the good stuff." ■



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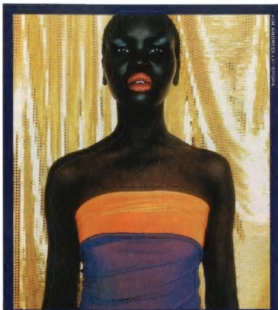
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Wek Sticks Out Her Neck

Does a good-looking messenger make the message clearer? **ALEX WEK** is the fashion industry's current darling, scoring the cover of *Elle* and MTV's model-of-the-year award. And now both the U.S. Committee for Refugees and aid organization World Vision have signed Wek up to wake people up to the plight of displaced families in Sudan, her war-torn homeland. She spent her 21st birthday appealing for help for a country where more civilians have died unnecessarily than in the conflicts in Somalia, the former Zaire and Bosnia combined. And while Wek may not be able to list facts and figures, she has something the development pundits don't—apart from great cheekbones. She lived it. "My father passed away when I was 12 because we couldn't get medication for him," says Wek, who fled Sudan shortly afterward but plans to go back. "I'd like to have something to go back to."

Not Fonda Georgia, Jane?



JANE FONDA, never famous for her reserve, had to apologize to her adopted state last week after comparing Georgia to a Third World country. Addressing a U.N. function, she said that in northern Georgia, "children are starving to death. People live in tar-paper shacks with no indoor plumbing." This incensed Governor Zell Miller, who's from those parts. "Maybe the view from your penthouse apartment is not as clear as it needs to be," he grouched. Fonda apologized instantly, saying her remarks were "inaccurate and ill-advised." Peachy.

Is That You, Puffy?



Spring is upon us, and rap impresario **SEAN ("Puffy") COMBS'** sap must be rising. He decided to make love *en plein air* (but not, interestingly, with the mother of his newborn son). Alas, Combs, who thought he was enjoying the privacy of Donald Trump's Palm Beach, Fla., Mar-a-Lago Club, had strayed onto the sand of the veddy conservative Bath & Tennis Club. A B&T member took offense at the frolicking and sent a club official to stop it; according to the Palm Beach *Daily News*, an unabashed Puffy blasted the official for "ruining his concentration." A spokeswoman said the incident was the work of impufsonators. "In the past few months, several people have been going around saying they are Puffy," she said. "I know for a fact Puffy hates sand."



SIMPSON GOES BANANAS

Somebody give **O.J. SIMPSON** some more rope, please. During a daylong interview in Los Angeles with Ruby Wax, Britain's most irrepressible American, Simpson went on about his wet dreams in prison and how "the availability of women now is more than ever in my life, which I find strange." (He's not alone there.) Out walking with Wax, Simpson was accosted by Angelenos to sign autographs and shake hands, while some told

him they thought he was a killer. When asked if that hurt him, Simpson said no. As if all that weren't charming enough, at the end of the interview, Simpson told Wax he had a surprise for her. When the teensy interviewer opened a door, Simpson lunged out from behind it, made a few stabbing motions with a banana, then leered in extreme closeup into the camera. Somewhere, some publicist's cell phone is ringing.

Roger Rosenblatt

Decent Exposure

SO ENDED WEEK 10 OR 20 OR 1,000 OF THE PARADE OF naked lives, with Paula Jones summoning America to Dallas to announce the appeal of her summary judgment and the chatterboxes on MSNBC, CNN, Fox and the Sunday morning *Face the Gookie* shows awaiting word or further word from Linda Tripp, Monica Lewinsky, Lucianne Goldberg & Son, Gennifer Flowers and all the other intimates and tattle-tales who have made of the spring such an infinite delight.

Another charmer, Bob Mulholland, a California Democrat, crawled out from under his rock long enough to declare that he planned to indecently expose the Republicans who sought to indecently expose the President. The White House hit him with a stick, and he slunk back to obscurity.

This unending "search for truth" has been conducted under the assumption that the exposure of private lives is always a purely destructive, if entertaining, exercise. But a small, recent incident proved otherwise. It happened around the time of the "Was he aroused?" TV interview of Kathleen Willey, and was so fleeting (and tasteless) one could easily have missed it.

The incident involved the brief but purposeful exposure of the private life of the *Today* show's Katie Couric. Couric returned to her position as host after a period of mourning following the death of her husband Jay Monahan, an attorney and legal analyst for NBC. Monahan, only 42, died of colon cancer. On the day of her return Couric wore his wedding ring on a chain around her neck. Welcomed back by her co-host, Matt Lauer, she proceeded to thank the thousands of viewers who had sent condolences and then extended her sympathies to those who were struggling with terminal illnesses "and are wondering how the world keeps going."

That's all there was to it. There was warmth but no tears on the part of Lauer, no tears from Couric, no further mention of her loss. She went to work interviewing former Secretary of State James Baker. What made the incident impressive as well as affecting was, in part, that it was so out of step with the modern way of handling personal difficulty. In an age that makes the most—and generally the worst—of any disappointment, much less grief, in which people weep lavishly at the drop of a stock market, and the tendency of television is to devote a special to the heartbreak of psoriasis, here was decent, neoclassical, proper restraint.

Even more impressive was the way Couric chose her words. Too tasteful to dwell on her sorrow and not content merely to acknowledge those who had expressed concern for her and her small children, she expressed concern for others who might be in the same hopeless boat that she and her husband had known. Nor did she offer any easy answers or palliatives, but straight-

forwardly gave her "sympathies," which in her case were literal; she did feel what those others felt. By doing so, Couric made something valuable of a private life exposed. She showed what Tripp, Flowers and all their eager reporters never dreamed of showing—that a life exposed could be useful. Her very reappearance on *Today* indicated "how the world keeps going."

She behaved, in short, like an aristocrat of the spirit, a rare bird these days. E.M. Forster defined this class of human being in his essay "What I Believe." He wrote, "I believe in aristocracy. Not an aristocracy of power, based upon rank and influence, but an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky. Its members represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over cruelty and chaos. They are sensitive for others as well as for themselves, they are considerate without being fussy, their pluck is not swankiness but the power to endure, and they can take a joke."

Forster's definition is nicely democratic, but its special accuracy lies in its three components of praiseworthy conduct. By pluck he means endurance of the sort that neither swaggers nor dresses itself in Hamlet's black. By consideration he means the exercise of just enough attention to others to display genuine feeling, but not so much as to be cloying. It is significant that he names sensitivity first. To be sensitive within oneself and for the benefit of others—that is an aristocrat. Couric's statement comes to mind. Adding action to words, she is spending her free time raising money for colon-cancer research.

Implied too in Forster's way of thinking is what the aristocrats of the spirit are not—cheap, whiny, petty. They are without showiness, without envy, without narrowness of any kind. They do have certain snobberies. They look down on bullies, bigots and cheats. Their idea of lowlife is a gossip, and the commoners they snub are the cruel, the ungenerous and the unkind.

In the current climate of small-minded chatter, we think of personal lives made public solely as fodder for wisecracks and cheap thrills. Couric's return to *Today* was memorable because it was exposure in the interests of right thinking and right acting. It was unusual, particularly for television, but I do not believe anyone was really surprised by it. To the contrary, her conduct was what most people expect from one another, which, when it occurs, evokes the sort of pleasant recognition reserved for similar satisfactions, like sunrises. We know a lady when we see one.

But it was useful to be reminded that under the prominent and seemingly relentless eruptions of crumminess and noise, a nobility of the species still exists that will occasionally unearth itself for the public good. This is how the world keeps going. ■



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